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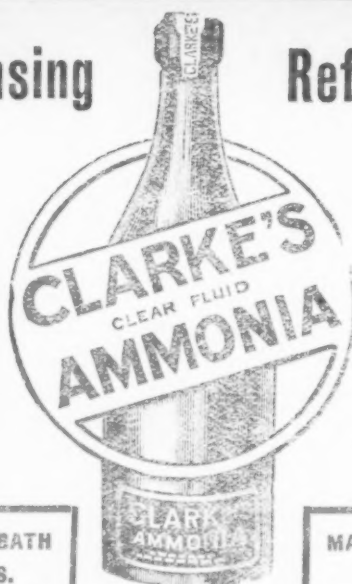
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The Coming Education Bill.

EASTER is drawing near, and it is understood that on the reassembling of the House after its Easter vacation the Education Bill will be at once brought forward. Meanwhile the suspense is great for those of us who have studied the question, and know what the new Bill must mean for the faith of our poor children if this so-called undenominational system is really imposed on them.

We were told the other day [said the Bishop of Salford, in his speech at the great Manchester demonstration] that we were not going to return to 1870. For us it is not a question of returning to 1870. The question is, "Are we going to return to 1829?" Because, let there be no mistake about it, if the Government now in power are going by their legislation practically to take away from us our Catholic schools—if there is anything of that in the mind of the Government—it would be a return not to 1870 but 1829. We should reverse that Emancipation which O'Connell won for us in 1829, and we might be entering again into a period of penal laws which, being more insidious, would be far more dangerous to the Catholic Church than those laws and disabilities which existed up to the great Emancipation of 1829.

Nor can this contention be deemed exaggerated, for we should be placed in the dilemma of either allowing our children to be brought up with a sadly insufficient equipment of secular education to fit them for life, or passing them through an ordeal out of which few could be expected to issue with faith unscathed. The suspense is then great, but what are the prospects? A few weeks ago they were indeed dark, nor can it be said that the clouds have lifted even now, though perhaps there is just a gleam of light piercing them which may stimulate our efforts. Let us see how we stand at present.

It is certainly an improvement in the situation that the Catholic laity have at last woke up to the gravity and urgency of the situation. Till quite recently it would have been hardly an exaggeration to say that, through trusting too implicitly

to the vigilance of their clergy, not one in fifty of the Catholic laity understood the question. So much so that it had come to be assumed that Catholic parents of the class who send their children to the elementary schools were as indifferent to the style of religious teaching they received there, as are unfortunately so many of the Protestant parents of the country. It was under this impression doubtless that Mr. Birrell, some six weeks ago, in a speech at Lowestoft, said that his anxiety would be to satisfy the parents, and he anticipated that these would not prove too exacting—adding, significantly, that he meant to approach them through the local authorities and not through the clergy. But it is impossible any longer, either for Mr. Birrell or for anyone else, to be in doubt on this point, at least as far as Catholic parents are concerned. They have taken him at his word. It did not require much exhortation to arouse them; it has perhaps required more to restrain the expression of their indignation. As soon as they discovered that it was really in contemplation to deprive their Catholic schools of all share in the grants from rates and taxes, to which they contribute in the same proportion as their fellow-citizens; as soon as they discovered that it was in contemplation to drive their children into schools to avoid which, as being injurious to Catholic faith, they had built their own schools at great expense; as soon as they discovered that the bolder advocates of this contemplated injustice were actually proposing to confiscate their school-buildings—either barefacedly or under the palliation of a nominal rent—their indignation became intense. They found on inquiry that since 1870 they had out of their poverty contributed towards the cost of building and maintaining these schools a sum which was estimated to exceed five millions, not to speak of what they had contributed in rates and taxes towards the building and maintenance of other schools for the use of the Nonconformists—and they were not surprised, for they had a very vivid realization of the constant sacrifices they had undergone for this end. And now the fruit of all these sacrifices was to be stolen from them in the interest of the very people who had spent least on the secular education of their children, and had always been conspicuous for bitter hostility to Catholics and persistent misrepresentation of their most cherished beliefs. It was beyond question an intolerable outrage, and yet this was only the least part of the injury intended for them. Far worse to their earnest Catholicism and

parental love did it appear, that their children should be thus violently wrested from the teachers in whom they placed confidence, and handed over for five hours a day of five days in the week to the tender mercies of teachers who might be as dangerous to their faith and piety, not to speak of their morals and manners, as Dr. Clifford himself or Mr. Robert Blatchford. That indeed was altogether too cruel to think of.

It is under the influence of these thoughts that they have organized all the enthusiastic meetings which have been so much in evidence during the last week or two. At Preston, at Manchester, at Liverpool, the largest halls in the place were strained to their fullest capacity, whilst those excluded for sheer lack of space greatly exceeded the numbers admitted. The local feeling has been that in spontaneousness, in earnestness, and in unity of thought and purpose, these demonstrations have never been surpassed, and yet they were organized, so far as they required any organizing, with the greatest rapidity. Moreover, other large provincial towns are preparing to follow suit, and a multitude of smaller towns have already shown by similar meetings that the union among the Catholic parents is not confined to any particular neighbourhoods, but pervades the country wherever Catholics are to be found—at Accrington, at Warrington, at Oldham, at Chorley, at Formby, at Barrow, at Birtley, at Shipley, at Skipton, at Morley, at Nelson, and elsewhere. These meetings, so far, have been indeed in the north, which has so often known how to give a strong lead to the less demonstrative south. But the feeling is intense among the Catholics of the south also, as has been evidenced in places like Bermondsey and Deptford, where meetings have already taken place. And perhaps we may yet see—and why should we not?—some monster gathering in the Albert Hall, or still better on some Sunday in Hyde Park, which shall make it palpable even to the most sceptical that north and south are at one in this grave crisis for their faith.

It has been the laity, not the clergy, who planned these meetings and carried them out. And when this is said, it does not mean that the initiative was taken by the laity of the well-to-do classes. These indeed did not fail in the movement, but the great mass of those who crowded the halls belonged, as was becoming, to that class of parents by whose views Mr. Birrell very properly wished to be guided, the parents of the children who attend the Catholic Elementary Schools. As for the clergy,

it is true to say that they on the whole showed an anxiety to hold themselves apart, so as to falsify all suggestions that the laity were not acting spontaneously. And if they eventually decided to take their share in the gatherings, whether among the audiences or as chairmen and speakers, it was because the laity insisted on their doing so—deeming that thereby a signal illustration might be given of the reality and fulness of the union of sentiment and purpose which binds together people and pastors, and entitles the latter to be accepted by the nation and its Government as the faithful and accredited spokesmen of the views and claims of their flocks. And very distinctly, emphatically, yet at the same time very temperately, have they all—Bishops, Educational Associations, parental gatherings—presented their demands.

Temperately, for they have based their representations on the statements made by Ministers that it is their desire to establish a settlement which will give satisfaction to the conscientious desires of all the classes affected. This desire they have welcomed, and they have promised that they will consider the scheme when it is made public in no factious spirit.

The present Ministry [says the Archbishop in his Lenten Pastoral], declare that it is their earnest desire to arrive at a definite, permanent, and just settlement of the difficulties which have hampered and retarded the educational progress of the country for so many years, and to redress and remove all grievances connected therewith. It is a noble and praiseworthy object, and we heartily welcome these declarations. We Catholics, in proportion to our numbers and resources, have made more sacrifices than any other body in order to provide adequately for the education of our children. It is our most earnest desire, as it is our duty, to facilitate by every means in our power a permanent and just settlement of this much-discussed question, and we shall approach the proposals of the Ministry in no captious or distrustful spirit. We are prepared to consider them dispassionately, with no thought of mere party politics, with no heed to party advantages and disadvantages. . . . We are prepared to further in every way a lasting settlement of the educational difficulty, in so far as we can do so consistently with those sacred principles which we can never surrender, because they belong to God, and are not ours to give.

These are the Archbishop's words. Similar words might without difficulty be gathered from the utterances of others, as any one may see who will look through the Catholic or local papers of the last few weeks. All speak exactly in the same tone, the only difference being in the form or effectiveness

of the language used. And to these temperate lines the formulation of their claims has been kept.

They have insisted on parental right as requiring to be respected by all State legislation, and they have shown that in so doing they are claiming not merely what is laid down by the unalterable law of God, but also what is sanctioned by the laws and traditions of this country.

We take our stand [said the Bishop of Liverpool, addressing the assembled parents at the great meeting of the 13th inst. at St. George's Hall], on the rights of parents as defined by laws, human and divine. That right has been expressed by one who was one of the brightest ornaments of the judicial bench in the last century, and who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The first Lord O'Hagan, in a legal treatise on parents and children, lays down this proposition: "The authority of a father to guide and control the education of his children is a very sacred thing, bestowed by the Almighty, and is to be sustained to the uttermost by human law. It is not to be abridged without the most coercive reason."

If the State chooses to introduce a national system of education, we are not averse to that, on the contrary, we welcome it as a valuable aid to parents in the fulfilment of this duty to their children. But that the State should so frame its system of education as inevitably to enforce the bringing-up of children in a faith alien to that of their parents, especially when that parental faith is the oldest and most widespread faith in Christendom,—that is an obvious infringement of parental rights.

Indeed, so far the claim of all these Catholic parents who have recorded their protests is so just that not even the most bigoted undenominationalist ventures to contest it. What such people maintain is that their proposed uniform system would not do injury to the faith of the children while they are in the school-room, and would not prevent parents from supplying the needful further instruction according to their liking, at home or on Sundays. But to confine attention to the former of these two points, which, though both are serious, is the more serious of the two. The Catholic parents have shown themselves too clear-sighted to be taken in by the specious pretension, which even the Nonconformists reject when confronted with it as applied to themselves. As the Bishop of St. Asaph told us recently, in the *Times* for February 19th, he had asked an earnest Welsh Calvinist Methodist, who had been taking an active part in the

advocacy of undenominational schools, "Would you, as an earnest Calvinist Methodist, be willing that your child should receive this Bible instruction from a head-teacher who was a Roman Catholic?" "Certainly not," was the "prompt and frank" reply. Just so, and it would be equally intolerable to a Catholic parent that his child should receive religious instruction of any kind whatever from persons of the type of Dr. John Clifford or Mr. Robert Blatchford—for it clarifies one's conceptions to keep concrete cases before the mind. Nor is it a mere matter of receiving formal religious instruction from such people which is in question, for that might be partially avoided by a conscience clause. The Calvinist Methodist alluded to, and a whole multitude of others like him, would object quite as much, indeed much more, to the influence exercised on their children by the supposed Roman Catholic teacher throughout the whole time that they were under his charge; and so do we object to this kind of influence as exercised over our children by persons like Dr. Clifford and Mr. Blatchford.

Your claim [said the Bishop of Liverpool to his listeners in the speech already quoted], is that those who are selected to have such an immense influence on the lives of your children should be persons who have your full and entire confidence. This is a right which the rich men and our legislators themselves have both in law and in fact. There is no reason why the poor working man, to whom his children are no less dear, should be deprived of the same right.

This, in fact, is the crucial point in the whole controversy, but it is not necessary to argue it out now. The Catholic parents have shown that they clearly understand its importance; the Nonconformists have shown that they understand its importance in the case of their own children, and only deny it in the case of the children of others; and any person of intelligence who will give up the habit of thinking on paper and will take account of realities, must recognize that the matter is essential.

And when once these principles are grasped, as they ought to be grasped by any practical legislator; when once it is understood that a system which will give universal satisfaction to parents must be one that will aid them, not hinder them, in the discharge of their duty towards the religious education of their children; when once it is grasped that a system which will do

this must be one which will permit of their selecting for their children schools in which the teachers have their full confidence from a religious point of view—it follows as a matter of necessity that, so far as Catholics are concerned, the State ought to find a place in its system for Catholic schools, taught by Catholic teachers, and placed in effective relation with those Catholic authorities who alone can give to Catholic parents a trustworthy assurance that their religious teaching is on true Catholic lines. And it is just these three points on which, as may be read anywhere, all these utterances of Catholic sentiment which the present crisis has evoked have insisted with a unanimity that contrasts strikingly with the voices of Babel coming from other quarters. Let us again take the words of the Archbishop as representative of them all.

What, then, is our claim? A Catholic education, and not a Protestant education, whether the latter be expressed in its simplest or in its most highly developed terms. A Catholic education implies three things: Catholic Schools, Catholic Teachers, effective Catholic oversight of all that pertains to religious teaching and influence.

First, *Catholic Schools*, that is, schools in which, as in a Catholic home, all the surroundings shall be such as to keep alive the religious influence, which is an essential part of Catholic life and practice; where, in a word, there can be no doubt at first sight, even to the casual visitor, that the school is intended for and frequented by Catholic children. We desire the presence of none others in our Catholic schools; we have no wish to proselytise little children. When they are found in our schools, they are there, either because we are compelled to receive them by law, or because they have been placed there by the deliberate choice of their parents. While we never disguise our longing to bring home the teaching of the Catholic Church to the people of England, and to obtain their acceptance of it, such preaching is addressed to the adult, not to the child, and we desire that the religious teaching of our schools should be for those alone whose parents deliberately choose it for them.

Secondly, *Catholic Teachers*. To a very large extent teachers, in dealing with children of the class needing elementary schools, have to take the place of parents. As we have said elsewhere: "Circumstances are such at the present day that many parents are unable from want of time or lack of capacity, and too often from neglect and indifference, to provide adequately for the education of their children." And Catholic parents, however neglectful or indifferent they may be, when they place their children at a Catholic school, do so in the hope and with the conviction, that their children will receive therein the Catholic education which they are themselves unable to impart; in

other words, that the teacher will truly stand to these children in *loco parentis catholici*. No one but a Catholic can hold such a place.

Thirdly, *effective Catholic oversight of all that pertains to religious teaching and influence*. Only those who are representative of the Catholic Church can give to Catholic parents the assurance which they need and rightly ask, that the teachers to whom they entrust their children are Catholics, not merely in name, but in deed, and that their teaching and influence are in accordance with the principles of the Catholic Church. No non-Catholics, however well-intentioned, no public authorities, however well-disposed, are competent to pronounce a satisfying judgment on this matter, which is essentially beyond their purview.

It is this that we claim for ourselves; nor are we of the number of those who, like the "earnest Calvinist Methodist" above referred to, are unwilling to see what we claim for ourselves conceded to others. We have indeed been occasionally suspected of a contrary disposition, and the suspicion has perhaps been encouraged by occasional utterances of individuals, irritated by the shifty and inconsistent attitude of leading Anglicans, but there is nothing of that kind of egotism in any of the public and authentic presentations of our claims that have been sounding throughout the country lately. What Catholic parents ask for themselves in the name of their parental right, they ask for all other classes of parents.

What we ask for ourselves [says the Archbishop] we ask for all those who claim it on the same grounds. Our demand is that all Christian parents should have it in their power to find in the elementary schools of the country an education in conformity with their conscientious convictions, without let, or hindrance, or disability of any kind; and that the privileges now conferred on those who attach no importance to definite religious teaching should be finally abolished.

Nor can our demand be deemed unreasonable from the point of view of practical administration, for after all it means merely the continuance of the existing system, purged perhaps of some of its incidental defects, which defects, it should not be forgotten, are defects in the way of unfairness not to Nonconformists, though this is what they have been so loudly alleging, but to denominationalists, especially Catholics. There is no distinction made by the present legislation between one class of religious persuasion and another, the only difference is that some persuasions have used the facilities offered by the law and others have not, unless, indeed, we are to add that the style

of religious teaching at present enforced in the provided schools (and which it is now proposed to enforce in all State-supported schools) is practically the same as that which the Nonconformists are wont to give their children in their various Sunday schools. However, we shall not press this objection, but shall agree to this Nonconformist privilege being continued, provided we are allowed to continue (and extend with the growth and spread of population) our own schools at not too ruinous a demand on our scanty purses. We shall do this, because we are prepared to make sacrifices rather than that our children should lose the advantages of schools Catholic in the fullest sense; and because we are prepared to co-operate to the extent of our power in the simplification of the task of public administration.

That this our claim in regard to our schools, should have been set forth so distinctly, so earnestly, and yet so temperately, as it has been during the last few weeks, we have ventured to call a gleam of light piercing the present darkness. For a claim stated in temperate terms and based on evident justice must tell sooner or later in a country like this, where not all are under the domination of blind fanaticism. Mr. Horsfall, whose letter to the *Manchester Guardian* (of February 12th) the Bishop of Salford quotes in his Lenten Pastoral, is an instance of what we mean.

I believe that to teach in schools the doctrines which separate one branch of the Christian Church from another branch cannot do a child any real good.¹ I should therefore be perfectly satisfied that all

¹ This letter of Mr. Horsfall's is also useful under present circumstances for another reason. We often hear Protestants say they cannot imagine why we should wish to teach dogmas to our children, that surely it should be time enough to trouble their minds with such disputes when they have attained to adult age. Mr. Horsfall, though it does not prevent him from desiring that there should be toleration for views differing from his own, shows that he shares this opinion about dogma in its relation to childhood. But does he not give the key to a state of mind which to us seems incomprehensible, for is it not clear that by dogmatic teaching for children he thinks we mean controversial teaching? Needless to say that is not what we mean at all. It is certainly better that children should hear as little about controversy as possible. Indeed, one of the evils of an enforced uniform system would prove to be just this, that we might be compelled to initiate them into the miseries of controversy to protect them against the misconceptions which they would be prone to imbibe from their Protestant teachers during the week. But when we claim to teach our children dogma we are merely claiming to teach them those underlying truths of our religion apart from the knowledge of which Catholic practice is impossible. We want them to know that Christ is God, that they may learn to pray to Him as God; we want them to know that Christ is sacramentally present in the Holy Eucharist, that

children for whose education I have any responsibility should receive in school only the kind of religious instruction recommended by Canon Wilson and Mr. Cremer. But ought we who wish to be good citizens, and who profess to obey the Golden Rule, to force on other people for their children a kind of religious instruction simply because we believe it is the best kind? I know that my Jewish and my Roman Catholic and some of my Anglican fellow-citizens, are convinced that their children ought to receive religious instruction consisting in part of the doctrines of their respective Churches, and I know that the instruction of the kinds they prefer can be given to their children without causing any harm to the community as a whole, or to any part of it; and I know from the experience of Germany that schools in which such doctrines are taught may be as successful as any others in the world in giving full secular training. Ought not a good Christian, ought not a good citizen, while gladly accepting Biblical instruction for those children whose parents desire it for them, to be in favour of allowing Jewish, Roman Catholic, and Anglican parents to have the kind of religious instruction they prefer given in school to their children? They would pay as much for the kind of religious instruction which we like and they dislike, as we should pay for the kind which they like and we dislike.

What Mr. Horsfall feels about the duty of conceding our claims, we may be sure, is felt by many others throughout the country, though these do not happen to express their views publicly. Nor is it unlikely, on the contrary it is certain, that the same equitable feeling is shared by numbers even in the Nonconformist ranks—a fact which should make us careful not to identify the main body of Nonconformists with the

they may learn to converse with Him as there present—in Holy Communion and in their daily visits; we want them to know what Catholic duties, such as that of hearing Mass, are, that they may learn to observe them; we want them to know what sin is, that they may learn to avoid it; we want them to know of the Sacrament of Penance, that they may be trained from the first to make regular and devout use of it; we want them to know about the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and the value of their intercession, that they may cultivate the habit of praying to them, and so on; we want them to know what authority belongs to the Pope and the Bishops, and what power has been confided by our Lord to the priests, that they may learn to obey them as ecclesiastical superiors, and have recourse to them as spiritual fathers. We do not want to teach them these doctrines controversially, but as doctrines which are true, and certified as true by the Church. To delay the teaching of these doctrines till they are grown up would mean that they were not to begin to be Catholics, but remain Protestants, till they are grown up. And on the other hand we find that they are not less, but more receptive of these doctrines as children than as adults; and we know how readily they conform their conduct to these standards; and how simply, how naturally, and how beautifully their spiritual lives expand under the influence. Yet all this consoling culture of the fairest part of our Lord's vineyard would be rendered impossible, or well-nigh impossible, under the rude climate of an undenominational system.

fanatical sentiments of some of their leading oracles. And, what is more important still, there are among the supporters of the Government in the House of Commons a number who have never dreamed that the effect of Liberal legislation would be to the destruction of the Catholic schools, and who are now seriously considering whether a method cannot be devised of satisfying denominationalists and undenominationalists alike. Indeed it is only necessary to compare the earlier and later utterances of the Ministers themselves to see that this is the standpoint from which they too are endeavouring to study the problem they have in hand. At the end of January it was evident that they thought it would be sufficient, whilst establishing a uniform "unsectarian" system, under the fullest public control, to allow to the denominationalists a right of entry when school hours were over.¹ It was an impossible solution, and one that could only occur to men who had as yet not mastered the ins and outs of the question. They were imagining that it would be possible for a priest or clergyman to give all the needful denominational instruction by means of a daily pious talk to the Catholic children of all ages at once. It had not occurred to them that a pious talk is one thing, a catechetical instruction another, and that to give the latter sufficiently would require a staff of trained teachers for each school. Nor had it occurred to them that we should lay so much stress on the indirect and often unconscious influence which a teacher of one faith cannot help exercising on children of another. By now they must have ascertained our feelings on these points, and it is at least noticeable that, whilst they are more guarded in their references to details, they tell us of the ambition they have conceived of settling once and for all this question which has roused so much unnecessary friction, and of settling it in the only way possible, namely, in a way which will give satisfaction to all the parties concerned. How this is to be done is indeed a mystery, seeing that Mr. Birrell can still write to the Nonconformist Free Church Council that the new Bill is to accept the principle of no sectarian tests, while apart from what are called "sectarian tests" it is quite impossible to satisfy the Catholics. It is, however, something that the Government

¹ The *Christian World* for March 8th contains an appropriate reminder that the "right of entry" system was tried in all the Board Schools of Birmingham in 1870 and proved a failure. Voluntary teachers could not be found in sufficient numbers, and untrained teachers could not keep discipline.

believe themselves able to square this circle; and it is certainly something that these emphatic expressions of Catholic parental desire should have resulted in the Government manifesting this earnest desire to satisfy us. And it is only right that we should give them credit for these desires, and refrain from taking up any hostile attitude towards them until we can pronounce a judgment on the Bill itself, which we shall be able to do in a very short time now. At the same time, to say this is far from saying that we must refrain from making it clear that we shall resist "by every legitimate means" any settlement which fails to satisfy our reasonable claims. We shall resist, as all the recent meetings and pastorals declare; we shall resist, and must resist, because it is God's cause, not ours. What form our resistance would have to take under circumstances which we trust may not arise, and to what lengths it would have to be carried, is a point on which it is not necessary to decide as yet, except indeed in the sense of forestalling all contingencies; but of one thing the country may be assured, that it would be a resistance clad with a fuller moral force than that of the Passive Resisters, being based on a clear, intelligible, and consistent conception of duty and conscience, and not on any fictitious affectation of a conscience which declares that it cannot pay rates for a religious instruction which it dislikes itself, and simultaneously demands that others should be forced to pay rates for a religious instruction which they dislike.

Of course, even if the Government should introduce a Bill so framed as to respect our just claims, it does not follow that they will find it easy to carry it through Parliament. The Free Church Council—the organization which, from the time of its birth some five years since, has been the animating principle of all this Nonconformist assault upon our schools—held its conference at Birmingham in the second week of last month. It was a wonderful meeting in its way. The pervading idea appeared to be that the age of Cromwell had returned, that the saints had come back to power, and the new Parliament was again, like the Barebones Parliament, an assembly composed of "faithful men, fearing God, and hating covetousness," whom the country had "chosen from lists furnished by the Congregational churches," and whose task was, in the name of religious toleration, to trample down ruthlessly all who would not assent to their shibboleths. They appeared to have got it into their heads that the victims whom they were gaping to

devour, were beseeching them to be "magnanimous" in their use of victory. It was a grotesque idea, for no one surely would be mad enough to expect a virtue so lofty from an assemblage so fanatical. If it be true that our fates are in their hands, we shall be as satisfied as we shall be astonished if they grant us treatment only a little short of bare justice. Nor was there any sign of a readiness to give us as much as this in regard to the preservation of our schools. There must be no compromise, said Dr. Clifford, amidst shouts of approval. "They must not leave the tiniest crevice by which the sectarians could get back into these schools" (which they had built with their own money, but which must now be taken from them).

Of course the relentless fanaticism of these people means that any attempt to do us even bare justice will have to encounter a fierce opposition, in the House of Commons and in the country. Nor with such an enemy in the field can the prospect be regarded as otherwise than dark. Still it is probable that these Free Church fanatics will prove to be not quite so all-powerful as they imagine. Even among the more militant Nonconformists themselves, there are pleadings for a little moderation and equity which make themselves occasionally heard. The *Methodist Times* of March 15th, for instance, in its leader on this Free Church Conference can write thus :

It is of vast importance that the fundamental principles which were decided by the election—one system of national education; no sectarian or dogmatic tests for teachers, simple Biblical instruction—should be maintained in our educational policy. But while these are safeguarded, there will, we trust, be no fanatical pushing of extreme views, no desire of trampling on other opinions, no unreadiness to do all that can be reasonably done to soften the blow to those of opposite principles, or to consider particular points of hardship. The new system should be one which will commend itself to the country—and even to the worsted, after the dust of battle is laid—as, on the whole, under the circumstances, fair. Especially is this to be sought for in the domain of conscience. The battle has been won on the ground of conscience. . . . But Free Churchmen are not the only people who have consciences; and it may well be that other people have conscientious convictions, wise or foolish, strong enough to carry them also to prison. It is the business of the State to weigh these things and adjust its measures so as, if it be possible, to wound the conscience as little as may be. The Roman Catholics of the north are threatening passive resistance; and if, as we see no reason to doubt, their convictions are sincere, the Government must try to meet their case as far as possible without sacrificing public interest.

Nor is the entire majority in the House of Commons composed of religious fanatics, or of people who are likely to pass under the yoke of their domination by permitting them to have the entire settling of a question which has so many important aspects.

Not that this last consideration is of a nature to relieve our fears altogether, for it may be that it only foreshadows a danger for the children of the country more extensive even than that in which the passive-resisting class would involve it. We have been charged with driving the country by our stubbornness onwards towards the abyss of an absolute secularization of its schools. It is most untrue. For ourselves, indeed, this undenominational system would be equivalent to a purely secular system, for we could never tolerate our children receiving religious instruction of any kind, or even ethical instruction, from teachers who are not Catholic. It would give us, too, a certain strategic advantage—"something to truck with," to use Mr. Birrell's phrase—if we were to demand that, as no place can be found in the coming system for our religious teaching, no place should be found for any one's religious teaching. But we have a regard for the souls of all the children of the country, of the Protestant as well as the Catholic, and could not for the sake of securing a strategic advantage advance a claim which might contribute to deprive them of a form of Christian teaching which, however mutilated and imperfect, is at least better than none at all. But if that is likely to be our attitude towards the question of secularism, it should not be lost sight of that there is a very numerous party in the country who are as anxious to impose pure secularization on us all, as the Nonconformists are anxious to impose undenominationalism on Catholics and Anglicans. It is surely a significant fact that at the recent meeting of Trades' Union Delegates in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, it should have been resolved by a majority of 810,000 to 70,000 votes to draft a Bill for purely secular education in the State schools. It is true the votes were proxy votes, and there may therefore be a certain degree of fallaciousness in the numbers; but it is presumable that at least the majority of proxies represented a vast if not overwhelming majority of absolute votes. Was it this that Mr. Lloyd George had in view when, at the Free Church Dinner at the Hotel Cecil on March 8th, he warned his hearers that

50 per cent. of the nation was outside the organized Christianity of the country, and they must be careful in the application of their principles, lest they endeavoured to carry Parliament further in matters of detail than the 50 per cent. of the population could appreciate for the moment?

At all events, it is a fact which should be weighed by those Nonconformists who may be in favour of the uniform undenominational system, but are not hide-bound with fanaticism. After the Girondists, the Jacobins. As long as the principle is recognized that children are to have schools so classified that they can be brought up in the faith of their parents, the position of all who have Christian belief is impregnable against those who have not. But once the Nonconformists succeed in forcing upon all the children of the country their system of simple Bible reading conducted by non-sectarian teachers, the time will not be far distant when the pure secularists will use these Nonconformist methods to put Nonconformists as well as others out of the schoolroom, and to make room for teachers who will delight in the opportunity these lessons of simple Bible reading afford them for turning the Christian creed, and particularly its inspired writings, into ridicule, with no more respect for the consciences of Christian parents than do the French anti-clericals—whose methods, it must be acknowledged, are admired and lauded by persons like Dr. Clifford.

And then there is another point closely connected with this, and which, while there is yet time, may be recommended to the serious consideration, not, indeed, of the fanatics of the undenominationalist party, but of those more temperate spirits, whose adherence contributes to swell its ranks. How is it that there is such a vast multitude in the country of persons who, though mostly the children of Christian parents, never attend any place of worship themselves, and are constantly lapsing through indifferentism into theoretical Atheism or Agnosticism? No doubt under one aspect it is explained by the susceptibility of young natures to the attractions of pleasure—for it is admitted that of those who fall away the greater part fall away during the interval between school and adult age. But it is admitted also that a deep-rooted religious belief, accompanied by earnest and regular religious practice, is the one preservative which can be trusted to counteract the excessive attractions of pleasure. Is, then, the extensive outdrift due to a want of proper religious training given to the young

during their school age? It is a question we Catholics are constantly putting to ourselves, and it is just on that account we are so anxious not to part with any facility we possess of securing that our religious training of our children should be thorough and penetrating. But what of those who have been and are being brought up in the provided schools? In these schools also they may in some favoured instances get a good religious training, the teachers to whose care they are committed being earnest, religious-minded persons. But no security is or can be taken that the teachers are such, for to inquire into the religious earnestness of candidates for a teacher's post is to apply a "sectarian test"—it certainly would be regarded as such by a secularist. Moreover, if the teacher should be earnest and religious-minded, and should infuse his earnestness and piety into his teaching, though it is a happy thing for his children, he must be more or less infringing the rules under which he acts; for it is impossible for a man to be earnest and at the same time undenominational in his teaching, since undenominational teaching means deprecating any questions from the children which should draw upon the teacher's denominational beliefs, whilst earnest teaching means inviting such questions and responding to them with all the denominational conviction that is in him.

Thus it is impossible to expect that the religious teaching of a provided school will attain to the degree of a moral and religious force, and as a matter of fact the Nonconformists profess to rely for this rather on their Sunday schools than on the ordinary day-school teaching. Yet here also the provision fails. A good half, at least, of the Nonconformist children do not, it seems, come at all to their Sunday schools, and to judge by an inquiry at present going on in the *Methodist Times*, those who do come to them are not very effectually preserved by them. "Eighty per cent. of the children who pass through the Sunday schools are lost to the Church," says Dr. J. B. Paton, according to the *Christian World* for March 15th. "If I say that five per cent. of my boys have shown any affection or gratitude for their Sunday school, I am sure the estimate is a liberal one," said Mr. Neumann recently, in the *Westminster Gazette*. "Sunday school work is in a very depressing state in many places," says "Another Teacher," in the *Methodist Times* for March 15th. "What is your greatest need?" (in regard to Sunday schools), asked the Rev. W. B. Fitzgerald, of certain

competent persons, to whom he had addressed some inquiries. "The invariable reply," he tells us, in the *Methodist Times* for March 8th, is, "Teachers, teachers, teachers." "It is sometimes," he adds, "difficult to get teachers of any kind. It is still more so to get teachers who will *teach!*" Perhaps the indefiniteness of Nonconformist belief may in part explain this unpopularity of the Nonconformist Sunday school. But the main reason is doubtless to be sought in the inadequacy of the religious instruction daily given to their children in the provided schools. They are experiencing, though as yet they do not discern it, the very thing on which we insist so earnestly, that Sunday school, though an excellent supplement to daily religious instruction, is a very insufficient substitute for it. The undenominationalist system to which they want to subject us—us who have all along seen what it must lead to, and have proportionately abhorred it—is in fact fast killing them. Well, then, might the Bishop of Liverpool say in St. George's Hall the other day :

If undenominationalism takes the place of denominationalism in the schools of the land, it will mean for Christian England the hand-writing on the wall. Our hope is that it may be averted. But if that sad day for England comes, one thing is certain—one Church will be left to bear witness to Christ's revelation to man, and that one the undying Catholic Church, and with her will remain her Catholic schools, Catholic in name, Catholic in reality.

S. F. S.

P.S.—As this article passes into the press we learn one hope expressed in it is to be realized. It is now announced that shortly after Easter a great meeting of the Catholic parents of London is to be held in the Albert Hall. We feel confident that it will prove to be a worthy climax to the enthusiastic meetings which still continue to multiply throughout the country.

Extracts from the Papers of a Pariah.

[The standpoint from which these papers are written is of one who, while not yet a Catholic, prefers to judge of the Church by his own observation and the reports of her friends, rather than by prejudice and the accusations of her enemies.]

III.

INTELLECTUAL SLAVERY.

... OUR new curate called upon me the other day and remained to tea; in fact he remained till seven o'clock; and I cannot but suspect that he gave me so much of his time by reason of a rumour which has run through the parish, like sparks through stubble, to the effect that I was observed coming out of the Papistical Massing-house last Friday, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Joliffe's cart, with its blue-smocked, blood-stained driver, was certainly drawn up opposite Miss Simpson's house about that hour, and I suspect that her maid's attention was drawn to my emerging figure: probably when she took up the buttered toast her mistress was informed,—and no more explanation is needed.

My young spiritual pastor pronounced a very fervent discourse upon intellectual slavery, placing his fingers together and looking tactfully into the fire for fear that he should observe my confusion. He pressed my hand sympathetically, too, as he took his leave, looking sweetly into my eyes meanwhile, with the air of one who says, "I understand; I understand. But take courage and be resolute."

I of course was silent in the presence of an ordained clergyman; for I have long since learned that nothing is to be gained by speech on such occasions. My poor little earthen pot of theology cannot swim for an instant in the same stream with a brazen vessel hammered with consummate craftsmanship for three long years in St. Catherine's College at Cambridge, put through the fire of St. Paul's Epistles in the original Greek

once more in Birmingham Theological Seminary for eighteen months, polished and brought to perfection by four years' intellectual struggle with the villagers of Little Brasted, and the occasional reading of Dr. Pearson's standard work upon the Creed. Besides, I have noticed that ecclesiastics of the Establishment are seldom able to keep the personal note out of religious discussion: they are apt to beg one, as it were a kind of return-call, to come to church for Morning Prayer, and to take as an insult to their personal erudition and authority any questioning of their tenets. I must confess that I prefer to be told by a Papist cleric that he does not care a twopenny piece whether I believe him or not—(and I generally don't believe him and tell him so),—but that I shall certainly be damned if I do not; and meanwhile (since nothing is to be gained by anticipating the Judgment Day and our final severance), will I have another glass of whiskey and water?

But the Rev. Mr. Marjoribanks' remarks have set me thinking; and I am determined to pour out my baffled spleen on paper, and behind his back, since I am not man enough to do it in his presence.

I understood him to say that the Popish Church fetters the intellect; that free thought and free speech are forbidden; that the souls in bondage to that institution walk in chains with the task-master's whip flickering about their shoulders; in short—well, all the rest of it.

Now what do we mean by "liberty"? It appears to me more pertinent to deal with that question first.

A lion is at liberty who can follow the laws of his own nature, who can eat when his stomach tells him, who can sleep when his fierce eyes grow weary, who can scratch long furrows in a forest-tree when his claws feel so disposed. He is not at liberty when he lives in a cage, is fed on horseflesh at 4 p.m., and is compelled at the point of a red-hot poker to spell P-I-G—PIG, in the presence of a diverted crowd.

According to Mr. Marjoribanks a Papist resembles a lion, or rather a kind of fox or jackal, in the latter circumstances; he is caged in Councils and infallible pronouncements, he is told when and where to obtain grace, and he is prodded by a weapon which his own superstitious fears and the ambitions of his clergy have heated red-hot in the fire of a bogus hell. While Mr. Marjoribanks resembles the monarch of beasts at liberty,

ranging this fair world at his own will, choosing this doctrine and not that for his sustenance, resting under the shadow of whatever institution seems the more convenient—which in his case is named the Church of England—tearing down this monstrous figment and sparing that tender plant, the terror of agnostics and the envy and admiration of a captive Christendom.

But let us push the analogy further up the scale, and make a comparison more befitting the gentleman's condition. Let us imagine, not a lion, but a child; and ask ourselves, which has the more liberty, the child who has mastered the laws of grammar, the elements of history and geography, and a few of the physical facts that tend to make life more easy (such as that fire burns, pins prick, gunpowder explodes in the eyes if ignited immediately below them, and that the consumption of yew-berries leads to internal discomfort)—or the child who ranges the forest with the hungry lion looking at him out of a bush, who picks up a red-hot brand because it looks pretty, whose vocabulary is confined to the monosyllables "boo" and "bah," who thinks that a hedgehog will be an agreeable bed-fellow.

Now really, Mr. Marjoribanks, the civilized child has the advantage in point of liberty. It is true that his liberty came under a disguise, when it compelled him to sit at a table with Mademoiselle from ten to twelve and six to seven, but he sat there for the purpose of having chains broken, not forged. He was being freed, for example, from the belief that Bagdad could be reached in a day's journey, and from the discomforts of an attempt that he might otherwise have made to find it; he was being freed from the painful experience of picking up a red-hot coal; from the narrowing view that the sounds that Frenchmen make to one another are nothing but unmeaning grunts and whines; and from the potentiality of pain that lay hidden in those attractive red berries.

In other words, information, if true, makes for freedom, not slavery.

If we turn to the laws that govern society we are confronted by a similar fact. I am more free in that I can walk abroad in Little Brasted with no other weapon than an umbrella, than if my safety could only be found in a suit of steel, a vizored helmet, and a battleaxe; and the reason of my freedom is to be sought ultimately in the presence of a policeman, the existence of the gallows, and all the other sanctions of justice against which

the Anarchists cry so lamentably. Discipline, therefore, and the threat of penalties, do not necessarily enslave their subjects, and the only question I have a right to put is not, Is not this compulsion and therefore slavery? but, Do these regulations tend to the conservation of society and to the survival of the individual under conditions where he may follow out the laws of normal life?

Let us, therefore, apply these analogies to the doctrine and discipline of the Christian religion.

When the Papist informs me that God is in the tabernacle with the Body, Blood, and Human Soul assumed in the Incarnation, it is the merest folly to answer, "Such information fetters my freedom of thought, for it deprives me, if I believe it, of the liberty of thinking that He is not there." When he tells me that I have to choose between going to Mass and going to Hell, and that an impure thought deliberately entertained places me in hostility to God Almighty, who has bidden me to be pure in heart if I wish to enjoy the Beatific Vision, it is simple stupidity for me to answer, "You should not have told me these truths, for by doing so you have deprived me of the liberty of remaining in bed all Sunday morning, and of encouraging the luxury of a foul imagination." For information, if it is true, does not enslave a man, but rather frees him from the fetters of ignoring it, as well as of painful consequences of disregarding it.

If, then, the Papist is right, my liberty is increased, not lessened by the fact that I know more than I did before. Ignorance may be bliss, but it certainly is not freedom, except in the minds of those who prefer darkness to light, and chains to liberty. The more true information we can acquire, the better for our enfranchisement.

Push the parallel back once more into the physical sphere, and re-tread the ground from another direction. Granted the existence of God the Creator, it is evident that the laws of nature are one expression of His will. I may or may not like those laws; they may appear to me indeed profoundly arbitrary; but it is better that I should know them than be ignorant of them, for it is only by the knowledge of them that I have any hope of gaining the mastery of them for my own use, or indeed of surviving at all on earth. To be ignorant of the properties of lightning and to take my stand during a thunderstorm on the top of a high hill, brandishing a steel rod in either hand, is to court the disaster by which Ajax fell. The scientist, therefore,

who informs my ignorance, and explains to me how electric force may be not only evaded but positively set to turn the wheels of my motor-brougham, cannot justly be cried out upon as a tyrant over my thoughts or a subverter of my liberty.

Even Mr. Marjoribanks, I imagine, would grant me this; and therefore I should desire, if I had the courage, to direct his attention to the parallel line in the spiritual world. Presumably God Almighty has a system of government, enactments, rewards, and penalties for that world as for this. An expert therefore in that realm when he discloses to me the secrets of God's will, cannot be blamed if my personal predilections happen to conflict with theological facts. I may not like going to confession, any more than I like the destructive energy of lightning, or the astringent properties of quinine, but if those things are facts I had better know them.

Ah! Mr. Marjoribanks, I see you writhing on your chair with the pangs of refutation.

"That is all very well: but God is not in the tabernacle, any more than in the confessional: you need not, in fact you must not, go to Mass, for it is no less than idolatry. Therefore, when the Papist tells you this or that, he is enslaving you after all, darkening your intellect with fallacies, and inflaming your imagination with delusions."

Ah! sir, I understand. But observe how you have shifted your platform. When you sat in my chair just now you made as if you waived the question as to whether the Papist religion were true or not; you set that generously on one side as irrelevant; and you were content to point out to me that, true or not, such a system, mapping out as it does the *minutiae* of what is to be believed or practised, could not but exercise an enslaving influence on the fair liberty of thought with which God had endowed me. But if this is all that you mean, I agree with you most heartily. The vital question for us both is not, Should we prefer to have a minute revelation, to be experts in the Divine Will?—but, is the Romish claim to give me such a revelation justified or not by fact?

It is to that question that I had been endeavouring to set my poor powers to work, when the butcher remarked me on the steps of St. Aloysius' Church. . . .

IV.

A FATHER IN GOD.

. . . It is a very common accusation against the Catholic clergy that they lord it over God's inheritance, that they are domineering and peremptory; and I suppose it must be confessed that not only is such a charge occasionally true of individuals, but that it corresponds with some characteristic of that body as a whole; for this accusation is levelled not only by the enemies of the Church, but even now and then by her fractious children.

Now, I have lately had one or two opportunities for observing the bearing of the priest in this town, and as neither an enemy nor an adherent, but a moderately intelligent spectator, I cannot help feeling that I have witnessed a display of that characteristic temper, but that I am forced to interpret it not adversely but almost favourably. More than once I certainly noticed a brusque peremptoriness, but I am inclined to think that, so far as it was unfortunate, it arose not from a defect but an advantage.

For example, last Thursday I was taking tea with Father Thorpe; and as soon as he had finished he lit a cigarette. But he had not drawn more than a couple of whiffs before his rather slovenly maid came in to announce that Mrs. Johnson wished to see him. He nodded without saying anything, and went blandly on with his cigarette and his conversation. After about five minutes he ground out the red tobacco on to his saucer, finished his sentence in a very leisurely manner, rapped his fingers a little on the table, and asked me to excuse him a moment. He went into the next room, leaving the door half open behind him; and I am bound to say that unintentionally I caught a scrap or two of the conversation.

Now Mrs. Johnson is, as I happen to know, about the most wealthy Catholic in this little provincial town; and she is not at all the kind of woman who would bear domineering from even an archangel. She is a large, severe creature, full, I should suppose, of self-regard, and certainly very capable in her way: and she is wealthy, I say, from our suburban standpoint; by which I mean that when she dines with the banker she drives both to and from his residence in a closed fly.

I could not hear what she said; and at first I could not hear

what the priest said ; then at last his voice sounded clear and distinct and slightly peevish.

"My dear child ; don't talk such nonsense."

I must confess that I smiled all over my face. Mrs. Johnson's age, I should suppose, is thirty-seven, and Father Thorpe's cannot be more than forty-one. Father Thorpe is a poor man ; Mrs. Johnson is a rich woman. Yet the man called the woman a "child," and bade her not talk nonsense.

There was a little more murmuring of voices ; then I heard a rustle of silk and the woman's voice, bland and grateful.

"Very well, Father, if you think so."

"I'll go and see him soon," said the priest, "and there must be an end of it. You understand, don't you ?"

Then in two minutes he was back again, and we went on talking as if nothing was the matter.

Now I do not say that his keeping the lady waiting while he finished his cigarette, nor his cavalier treatment of what was probably a complaint of some sort, were either courteous or apostolic actions ; but I do hold, from other things that I have noticed as regards his relations with his flock, that they sprang from a state of affairs that ought to be the envy of the rest of Christendom. A Catholic priest is more than a mere father in name ; he is really and truly a parent to his people ; he is human and peevish sometimes, like the rest of us ; he is thoughtless occasionally, no doubt, and selfish, and brusque ; but, when all is said and done, he is not in the least like a lawyer, who must be polite if he wishes to retain his clients, or a tradesman, who must be prompt and attentive if he desires to sell his wares. On the contrary he is regarded, as I have said, as a father who has his moods like anyone else, but who remains a father and retains his rights in spite of occasional shortcomings ; he has authority to scold, as well as to forgive sins, and to say, sometimes quite unreasonably, that his word must be final, as well as to declare the counsel of God.

To this I know it may be plausibly answered that he has won this position by fear ; that, since he is supposed to hold the keys of Heaven he is of course a dangerous man to quarrel with, and that the instance I have quoted is simply one more example of detestable priestcraft.

Yet the retort to that is perfectly easy, and falls under two heads, the general and the particular.

As regards the general principle, I can only assure my fellow-Protestants that no priest could ever deny the sacraments or pretend to withhold grace of any sort from those who happened to be personally rude to him. If Mrs. Johnson had flounced out of the room and told her pastor to hold his tongue or mend his manners, nothing in the world would have happened, except perhaps an extreme astonishment and a possible loss of temper on the part of Father Thorpe. There would have been no bell, book or candle rung, read or extinguished on the following Sunday to the chastisement of Mrs. Johnson's soul.

And, as regards the particular instance under our attention, I can only say that to see, as I have seen, Father Thorpe in his school playground, is coincident with dismissing from the mind any suspicion that that clergyman rules by fear.

No ; the solution lies a great deal deeper than that ; it is to be found in the whole conception that the Catholic laity have formed of the functions of their pastor.

First, of course, since he is a priest he must be implicitly obeyed and believed in the comparatively small sphere of faith and morals, though this does not involve the impossibility of appealing from him to his superior when his subject is in grave doubt. This power of appeal, however, is practically never exercised, owing to the admirable training and searching examinations through which every priest must pass—in these deep matters the priest knows his business, which is to declare not his original views but the Faith of his Church.

But secondly, since he is a real father to his flock, his influence, although only that of a fallible man, covers a very wide field. His boys will consult him as to their prospects of work ; his girls will ask his advice as to their dealings with troublesome suitors. Often he may give faulty counsel, for he is acting in these things as an individual, not as a representative of *Ecclesia Docens* ; but nevertheless that counsel is frequently sought and generally followed. Even when he is not consulted he occasionally intervenes, as when an Irish priest in Liverpool issues forth on Saturday nights with a hunting-crop kept for that purpose in his passage, to disperse a howling mob of his excited children who are paying the wrong sort of attention to the officer of the Saxon law.

Now I do not deny that this extraordinary influence is occasionally abused, and that priests, since they are human, will

sometimes interfere where they ought not ; but the danger is inseparable from every position of authority. Home-life is continually marred by the efforts or selfishness of a domineering father ; yet few will be found to deplore paternal correction in general on account of these particular drawbacks ; and, with regard to the Catholic priesthood, it may be asserted without doubt that for every one such over-stepping of the limits there can be quoted ten thousand instances where a mistake is avoided or a catastrophe averted because there was such a man in the presbytery who could be consulted without timidity and obeyed without question.

Does not such a man after all exactly meet a need that can hardly be met otherwise ? Discretion and acquaintance with human nature have been worked into his very fibre through his studies in casuistry and his practice in the confessional : he has a knowledge of family-life beyond that of most married persons, and this knowledge is impregnated with kindness, not bitterness ; he is sufficiently impressive to command confidence ; he is indulgent through his very experience of weakness and sin ; and, above all, he is pledged by the most solemn ties to support the cause of right and to foresee the occasions of wrong which a less highly-trained man might not detect. He is a kind of over-father, bound to support the parental authority of his elder sons, and the filial rights of his younger children, to balance, to decide, to warn, to encourage, to dissuade along those lines which he believes will be most conducive to the highest good of his clients in particular and of the whole community in general ; and the highest proof of these assertions is to be found in the fact that his flock after all willingly yield to him the rights to which his position entitles him : mothers consult him about their sons, fathers about their wives, children about their home-duties. It is a pleasant sight, I say, to see Father Thorpe go along the street ; a butcher-boy grins in his face, calls him Father, and lifts, not touches, his cap ; he claps Jim upon the cheek, and Mary on the head ; he bids Selina take out that unbecoming feather ; frowns indulgently upon Tom at the corner by the public-house ; and tells his dear child Mrs. Johnson "not to talk nonsense" : and all that the Protestant world can do is to cry "priestcraft" and "Popery," and thank God that her ministers know their place better than that.

Lastly, how strange it is that this state of affairs should be brought about through the seminary training !

It has always been supposed, and indeed publicly stated by dignitary after dignitary of the Establishment that what Englishmen wanted was a pastorate that consisted of religious men of the world who could meet their flocks upon equal terms ; University men, gentlemen, public-school men—no others need apply. The seminary system continues to be denounced at every meeting convened for the discussion of clerical education ; it is supposed that isolation, enforced prayer, precise regulation of time, separation from female society, even celibacy itself tends to produce an unreal temper of mind, a race of clergymen with their heads on one side and an unnatural speaking-voice, a ministry which may indeed perform sacerdotal duties with a correct deportment, but which is utterly incompetent to deal with men on equal terms, or to descend to the dusty arena of domestic and civil life.

Yet precisely the opposite appears to be the case. If I wish to smoke my pipe with a congenial clergyman, or to hear reasonable conversation on topics of the day, or to learn how to deal with a refractory child, or to discuss the advisability of attending a certain race-meeting ; or if, on the other hand, I need a little brisk consolation, or have an unpleasant secret to reveal, or an inveterate habit to overcome, or a complicated moral problem to unravel, I should not dream of stepping across to the rectory or to the new vicarage of St. Symphorosa. In the former I should find a loud-voiced, thumping sort of a man, educated after a fashion at the University, and certainly a warm-hearted, generous soul, but also unable to understand my point of view or do anything but proclaim his own ; in the latter an anæmic starveling—anæmic, it is true, by nature, and starveling by the grace of a mortified life—praiseworthy defects—who would do his utmost to raise my thoughts to higher things, and to induce me to come to his new oaken-lined vestry next Saturday and open my grief in his pale ear. On the other hand, I should unhesitatingly take my hat and go across to the Popish presbytery, where I should find a man who had spent ten years of his youth in a rigid seminary, but who had somehow emerged from it a man of the world in the best sense, neither a large-hearted bully nor a spiritual hypochondriac ; one who will neither shout at me nor shrink from me, who will possibly drop his aspirates and be entirely ignorant of literature and art, but who will yet listen to what I have to say, understand me when I say it, and give me excellent advice. I am confident

that he will hold his tongue, for he has no Eve to tempt him to indiscretion ; he will wear no frown of absorption, for he has a thousand secrets more weighty than my own ; he will not attempt to proselytize my soul, for, as he justly says, if the Catholic Church is right, it is I that will have to go to Hell, not he ;—who will, in short, although he is two years my junior, be to me exactly what my father was twenty years ago ; tell me frankly that I have been a fool, advise me how to repair my folly, and then be equally willing to talk about something else.

Yes, yes ; the Catholic Church is amazingly adroit ; she has managed to produce grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, and men-of-the-world from seminaries. I have not an idea how she does it, unless her own explanation of it is true—which is that the knowledge of God is the short cut to the knowledge of man, that time spent in prayer is the most economical investment of a working hour, and that meditation on supernatural mysteries and familiarity with supernatural things confer an insight into ordinary affairs of common life that can be obtained in no other way : unless once more Christ's own words are to be taken literally, not metaphorically, and that when He said that those who for His sake renounced wives and children and brethren and lands, should find themselves treated as husbands and fathers and brothers in their turn, that they who lost their life should find it, that they who took the lowest place should presently stand in the highest, and that the meek, and the peacemakers should inherit the earth, be called the children of God, shine out as the light of the world, and be set up upon a high hill, a city that cannot be hid.

Yes ; there is no doubt about it at all. If ever I find myself in serious trouble I shall go to a Catholic priest to extricate me from it. . . .

Edited by

R. H. BENSON.

Science and Religion.¹

I.

THERE can be no question that at the present day nothing so much prejudices religion in the estimation of the multitude as the assumption, well-nigh universal, that between it and science there is, and ever must be, an irreconcilable opposition. And such is the teaching of philosophers whose authority is widely regarded as supreme.

Of all antagonism of belief [says Herbert Spencer],² the oldest, the widest, the most profound, and the most important, is that between religion and science.

By "religion," Mr. Spencer understands, as he proceeds to show, every system which teaches, or ever shall teach, a definite doctrine concerning God, or the origin and destiny of Man, and it is obvious that, if it be well-grounded, his statement of the case constitutes a fatal indictment against anything which men understand under the name of "religion," and in particular against Christianity.

I say a *fatal* indictment: for, what is "science"? In the proper sense of the word, "science" signifies "knowledge,"—all knowledge which we are able to acquire by the exercise of our intellect. But, obviously, we can by no possibility believe anything which contradicts what we know, for this would be to believe what we know to be untrue. And this still holds good though we restrict the name of science, as is now commonly done, and as I shall therefore do, to *physical* science, to that branch which deals solely with sensible phenomena: for within this limited field, knowledge is knowledge still, supposing it to deserve its name, and whatever scientific investigation really proves to be true, is clear evidence that whatever is incompatible with it must be false.

Moreover, as regards physical science in particular, though

¹ Being the substance of a lecture.

² *First Principles* (Edit. 1900), p. 9.

it does not cover the whole field of human knowledge, yet the truths which it discloses are borne in upon us with a force and directness which is peculiarly their own, coming as they do through our senses, those "Gates of Mansoul" through which all premisses or data of inference must needs reach us. Indeed, it is for this very reason, according to Mr. Spencer, that the partisans of religion abhor science so much as they are supposed to do. He tells us,¹

It is because they are conscious how undeniably valid are most of its propositions, that the theological party regard science with so much alarm.

It is therefore quite evident that *if* the statement of the case which we have heard be the true one, the prospects of religion are hopeless, and it can never find adherents amongst those who enjoy the illumination which science brings. But this is a big "If," and since science herself teaches as a first principle that we must take nothing on trust, nor assent to anything without good and sufficient reason, we must satisfy ourselves that science really *does* contradict religion, so that every sensible man who uses his reason is forced of necessity to renounce either one or the other.

Here, to begin with, we must endeavour clearly to understand of what we are speaking, and to inquire more precisely what science is, and what is religion—and we will commence with the former.

Science, then, that is to say physical science, as has already been said, is that branch of human knowledge which is concerned with sensible phenomena and the inferences to be drawn therefrom. As Newman puts it :²

In physics is comprised that family of sciences which is concerned with the sensible world, with the phenomena which we see, hear, and handle, or in other words with matter. It is the philosophy of matter. Its basis of operations, what it starts from, what it falls back upon, is the phenomena which meet the senses.

The man of science must therefore, in the first place and before aught else, set himself to investigate the facts of nature, to ascertain how her operations actually proceed. By means of the phenomena which they exhibit, he learns that all matter is not specifically the same, that the material universe is composed

¹ Op. cit., p. 15.

² *Christianity and Physical Science* ("University Subjects," p. 227.)

of various kinds of ultimate elements,—as all our literature is made up of the different letters of the alphabet,—all the elements of each kind resembling one another exactly in every respect. He finds, moreover, that the matter which these elements constitute is acted upon by forces of various character—physical, chemical, electrical, magnetic, vital—of which forces he can learn something from the behaviour of matter under their influence.

These phenomena, telling of matter and force, are the stock in trade of science, or the raw material on which it works. To quote Newman again :

These phenomena it ascertains, catalogues, compares, combines, arranges, and then uses for determining something beyond themselves, viz., the order to which they are subservient, or what we call the laws of nature. It never travels beyond the examination of cause and effect. Its object is to resolve the complexity of phenomena into simple elements and principles ; but when it has reached these first elements, principles, and laws, its mission is at an end ; it keeps within that material system, with which it began, and never ventures beyond the "*flammantia moenia mundi*."

Pursuing such investigations, the first great and fundamental principle which science discovers, and that on which all her processes absolutely depend, is the uniformity of physical nature. Matter of the same kind, under the action of force of the same kind, behaves always in exactly the same way : and similar forces under similar conditions produce always identically similar effects. It is only because what is found once to happen, may be counted upon always to happen in like cases, that we are able from observation of particular instances to deduce general laws of universal application,—as those of gravitation—molecular dynamics—chemical reaction—electricity—magnetism—and the like ; and it is likewise thus alone that we are able to subjugate the forces of nature to our own purposes. Only because we know precisely what they will do under certain conditions can we employ heat, electricity, chemical affinities, light, vital processes, and all the rest, as we have learnt to depend upon them, in a thousand operations in our industries and manufactures.

That science within these her proper limits, and by means of her own proper methods, over and above her "practical" achievements, has immensely extended our knowledge, as compared with that of previous ages, he would be a

fool that should deny. She has looked a long way beneath the surface of matter and into its constitution—resolving masses into molecules, molecules into atoms, and, quite recently, atoms themselves into “ions”: by means of the spectroscope she has determined the physical constitution of the stars, and discovered in them the same elements of which our own globe is composed: she has by the same instrument discovered and measured motions of heavenly bodies, not betrayed by any change of apparent position discernible by our eyes; she has traced all organic life back to the structureless cell from which in its most complex as in its simplest forms it invariably starts; she has detected in the biological, and especially in the embryological history of living things, a multitude of features which link together creatures seemingly most diverse, and point to a law of development regulating their production; and she has pieced together from the evidence recorded in the rocks, the history of life upon our globe, and its gradual development from primitive, almost structureless plants and animals, through ever-increasing and unimaginable degrees of complexity—culminating in the appearance of the human race.

All this science has done, and undoubtedly she has not reached the term of her discoveries, but, on the contrary, we may confidently anticipate that the course before her will be marked by triumphs no less signal than those of the recent past.

Therefore it is,—because she has achieved so much, and proved herself capable of doing much more,—that we are so often bidden to accept her as our one and only guide, philosopher, and friend, to whom is given the key of all knowledge, and who, whatever mysteries there may still remain for her to explore, has at least thoroughly dissipated the fogs and vapours begotten of delusions, which, under the title of religion, have hitherto been able to deceive so many generations of men. To take but one instance wherein this idea is frankly and crudely exhibited. In a recent work, a popular writer who, though not a man of science, has the name of science constantly in his mouth,¹ tells us that the soul of man “is exhibited by science as a function of his perishing body,” and he goes on to imply that no one, whatever his prepossessions in the opposite direction, can reasonably refuse to be convinced, since every time that he does but turn on the electric light, he has proof

¹ W. H. Mallock, *The Reconstruction of Belief*.

positive of what science can accomplish and of the soundness of her methods.

But here the obvious question must at once suggest itself,—By what process of reasoning does it follow, that because science can do so much, there is nothing which she cannot do? As we have seen, she is of her very nature limited to one field of study, that which can be pursued by investigation of sensible phenomena. On what sort of foundation is the assumption based that there are no truths within reach of our minds, which we can never know by any method of physical science, but of which nevertheless we attain a certitude altogether transcending that which scientific demonstration can produce? Are there not fields of knowledge open to us which lie in a totally different plane from that in which science moves, one in which, should she attempt its exploration, she must be far more out of place than an elephant in the sky, or a whale in a tropical forest? Indeed, the very brilliancy of her achievements within her own department serves more and more vividly to show how rigid are its limits, and how inconceivable it is that she can ever overstep them—for none can possibly imagine that a microscope or spectroscope will ever be invented to discover fresh beauties in Shakespeare,—or an automatic machine to compose original music or poetry,—or, to take Professor Huxley's example, a chemical test to distinguish truth from falsehood in the history of Rome.

Here, it is evident, we are in the province not of matter but of mind, and have to deal with mental, not physical, phenomena. Yet we are no less certain of the truths to which we are thus conducted, than of those which come through the hands of science. We are no better assured that the earth revolves and rotates, or that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, or that the energy of motion can be converted into heat, than we are that Shakespeare is full of beauties, or that the history of Julius Cæsar is better authenticated than that of Romulus and Remus.

And it is across this dividing line, between mind and matter, that the truths of religion must lie if they are anywhere to be found.

For what is religion? this it is no less necessary clearly to understand, than what is science. As it is Mr. Herbert Spencer's opinion concerning their mutual relations which we are examining, let us see in the first place what meaning he

attaches to the term. In his view religion is primarily not a rule of living, but an intellectual doctrine. In his own words :¹

Leaving out the accompanying code of conduct, which is a supplementary growth, a religious creed is definable as a theory of original causation.

Thus, according to Mr. Spencer, religion is essentially a philosophical doctrine concerning the original cause of all things ; on which is grafted, as a supplementary growth, something in the way of a moral law.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, on the other hand, considers this last to be the all-important feature :

Is religion [he asks²] a mode of answering a question in ontology, or is it an institution affecting human life by acting on the human spirit ?

In any reasonable use of language, religion implies some kind of belief in a Power outside ourselves, some kind of awe and gratitude felt for that Power, some kind of influence exerted by it over our lives.

Over such difference of opinion we need not linger, nor inquire which of our philosophers is in the right. Suffice it for our purpose, that, according to both, religion has a double aspect and a double function. It teaches men what to believe about the ultimate Cause of nature and ourselves, and it adds, whether as a supplementary growth or as an integral part of itself, a rule of conduct, or in other words, a law of right and wrong.

But what can science have to say on the one subject or the other ? None of her methods can possibly reach the First Cause, just because it is the First. She proceeds, and can only proceed, by tracing through phenomena a chain of what she styles causes and effects, which we should more correctly term conditions and consequences ; for none of these so-called causes but is the result of something else. Science of herself, can tell us nothing save of the phenomenal, that is to say, of the mutable, of what is affected by the action of force independent of its own. When she gets beyond the realm of physical phenomena, she is as helpless as a man under an air-pump, for such phenomena are to her the breath of life. Even within her own province, when she arrives at the recog-

¹ *First Principles*, p. 37.

² *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1884, pp. 504 and 499.

nition of mere force, acting upon material objects, but subject to no action which she can discover from outside itself to modify its character—that is to say, to produce phenomena in it—she finds herself utterly in the dark as to the nature of such force. What it can *do* she learns from its physical effects, what it *is* she cannot learn, for lack of such evidence as could be afforded only by the phenomena exhibited under the action of another force.

For example, the best known and best established of all scientific laws is that of Universal Gravitation, which teaches that every material particle in the universe attracts every other such particle, with a force which varies directly with the mass of the attracting particle, and inversely as the square of the distance between the two. This, however, tells us no more than that all bodies within our observation tend to draw together as though under the influence of such a force; and, since there can be no effect without a cause, we assume with confidence that such a force exists, and we call it the Force of Gravitation. But there our knowledge of it ends. Of its nature we know absolutely nothing, neither whether it be in reality a pulling or a pushing force,—whether it acts without a medium to convey its action,—whether this can be possible,—or, if there is a medium, what that medium is. On such points and others we are so entirely in the dark that Sir John Herschel termed Gravitation “the mystery of mysteries,” and Faraday considered its law, as above stated, to be an obvious paradox. So again, freely as we now employ electricity, no man of science has the faintest conception what it is; nor what are chemical affinities and valencies;—nor, above all, life; even in its lowliest manifestations, in the most primitive protozoon, or the flower in the crannied wall.

This being so, how shall science disclose anything of the Supreme Cause, wherein all power must of necessity be included,—which is all force and energy,—acting upon every particle in the universe, and subject to no action or alteration—transcending all possibility of observation in a degree infinitely beyond these physical forces which remain to us so incomprehensible?

Nor is it otherwise if we turn our attention to the other element of religion,—the Ethical Code. Science is no more capable of discriminating between good and evil, right and wrong, than between beauty and ugliness, between a poet and a

poetaster. She can furnish no possible explanation of the moral law, can tell us nothing of the nature of the obligation to observe its precepts, nor of the sanctions under which it is imposed. She can therefore give us no knowledge concerning our relations towards the Supreme Power at the back of the sensible universe, so that it shall influence our lives. These things lie entirely beyond the frontiers of the realm of matter, and in that of mind. It is as inconceivable that any scientific observation or experiment should cast any light on such subjects, as that an echo should respond not by repeating a question but by supplying an answer.

Thus, there can in reality be no collision between science and religion, any more than between our earth and the planet Jupiter while each keeps its own orbit. The so-called conflicts, which are so frequent, can occur only when the champions of religion on the one side, or of science on the other, do not keep to their own territory, but strive to invade that of the others as if it belonged to them. Whatever may have been the case in former days, it is undoubtedly the professed partisans of science who at present are responsible for such aggressions, and so frequent are their incursions, so dogmatic their utterances on the subject of religion, that many will doubtless find it hard to believe that I mean what I have said. Are we not all familiar with assertions made by those who claim to promulgate the latest results of scientific discovery, that an end has for ever been made of belief in God, in man's immortal soul, and future destiny,—even of his free will? But such assertions are made by "scientists" rather than by scientific men in the proper sense of the word,—and to show what they are worth I will cite the testimony of some whose authority none will question, and whom none will suspect of any prejudice against science, or desire to deny to her anything in the way of knowledge which she is entitled to claim.

Such a one, without doubt, is Professor Huxley. He tells us not only that science has discovered nothing to disprove belief in God, or our own immortality, but that she actually makes it impossible to find arguments within her sphere in contradiction of such belief.

Science [he writes] has no more to say against the doctrine [Theism] than the most ordinary experience has, and it effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute it by objections deduced from physical data.¹

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, vol. xl., 1886.

And again:¹

The so-called *à priori* arguments against Theism . . . appear to me to be devoid of reasonable foundation.

And once more:²

The philosophical difficulties of Theism now are neither greater nor less than they have been ever since Theism was invented.

Still more explicit is Professor Ray Lankester, the distinguished director of our Natural History Museum, writing thus:³

So far as I have been able to ascertain, after many years in which these matters have engaged my attention, there is no relation in the sense of a connection or influence, between science and religion. There is, it is true, often an antagonistic relation between exponents of science and exponents of religion, when the latter illegitimately misrepresent or deny the conclusions of scientific research, or try to prevent its being carried on, or, again when the former presume, by magnifying the extremely limited conclusions of science, to deal in a destructive spirit with the very existence of those beliefs and hopes which are called "religion." Setting aside such excusable and purely personal collisions between rival claimants for authority and power, it appears to me that science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion, and that religion has not, in its essential qualities, anything to hope from, or to fear from, science.

The whole order of nature, including living and lifeless matter—man, animal, and gas—is a network of mechanism, the main features and many details of which have been made more or less obvious to the wondering intelligence of mankind by the labour and ingenuity of scientific investigators. But no sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body of doctrine, that we know, or ever can hope to know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence this mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may be or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not "explained" by science, and never can be.

Here then is the first main conclusion to which we are led, that science, as science, and by the use of scientific methods, can neither prove nor disprove anything concerning that which is the essence of religion, a conclusion which will best be summed up in the words of Newman.⁴

¹ *Reception of the Origin of Species.*

² *Life and Letters*, ii. p. 467.

³ Letter to the *Times*, May 19, 1903.

⁴ *Christianity and Physical Science*, "Lectures on University Subjects," p. 228.

With matter science began, with matter it will end. It will never trespass into the province of mind. The Hindoo notion is said to be, that the earth stands upon a tortoise; but the physicist, as such, will never ask himself by what influence, external to the universe, the universe is sustained; simply because he *is* a physicist. . . . The physical philosopher has nothing whatever to do with final causes, and will get into inextricable confusion, if he introduces them into his investigations. He has to look in one definite direction, not in any other. It is said that in some countries, when a stranger asks his way, he is at once questioned in turn, what place he came from: something like this would be the unreasonableness of a physicist inquiring how the phenomena and laws of the material world primarily came to be, when his simple task is that of ascertaining what they are. Within the limits of those phenomena he may speculate and prove; he may trace the operation of the laws of matter through periods of time; he may penetrate into the past, and anticipate the future; he may recount the changes which they have effected upon matter, and the rise, growth, and decay of phenomena; and so in a certain sense he may write the history of the material world, as far as he can; still he will always advance from phenomena, and conclude upon the internal evidence they supply. He will not come near the questions, what that ultimate element is, which we call matter, how it came to be, whether it can cease to be, whether it ever was not, whether it will ever come to nought, in what its laws really consist, whether they can cease to be, whether they can be suspended, what causation is, what time is, what the relations of time to cause and effect, and a hundred other questions of similar character.

We may therefore, in the first place, take it as established that, whatever may be asserted by irresponsible and inexact writers or speakers, there cannot possibly be any positive conflict between science and religion: and here we will stop for the present.

J. G.

A Child-Queen of Spain.

I.

AT a moment when a niece of King Edward's, a princess born and bred in England, is about to become Queen Consort of Spain, British readers may be interested in the story of a child-queen, who, besides being Princess Ena of Battenberg's predecessor on the Spanish throne, two centuries back, was, like her, of English descent on her mother's side. Maria Louisa of Savoy, whose history has been lately written by a well-known French author,¹ was the grand-daughter of a Stuart princess and the great-grand-daughter of Charles I. She possessed much of the Stuart charm, together with other more sterling qualities, in which her unfortunate ancestor, "Charles the Martyr," was woefully deficient.

This wonderfully intelligent, resolute, and capable little girl, who at the age of thirteen held a responsible position as Regent of Spain, was cast in a stronger mould than her vacillating great-grandfather, and the story of her short and chequered life has a pathetic interest.

As long as her adopted country was a prey to external and internal warfare, and her husband's throne threatened with destruction, the Queen's slight figure was ever to the front. Her energy and activity gave life to a losing cause; her youth and generosity appealed to the chivalrous Spaniards, and it was her undoubted influence that prevailed upon Louis XIV. to continue to support his grandson's tottering throne. Then, when after years of strife, the treaty of Utrecht recognized her husband's claims and brought about the peace she had so passionately desired, her brave spirit sank under the strain; the weight of anxiety, so nobly borne, was too heavy for the fragile frame, and the Queen died on reaching the goal to which her hopes and efforts had constantly tended.

Maria Louisa Gabrielle was born at Turin in 1688; her father was Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, and her mother,

¹ *Une reine de douze ans.* Par Lucien Perey. Paris. 1905.

Anne of Orleans, the second daughter of Philip, Louis XIV.'s only brother, by his first wife, Henrietta Stuart, the "Madame"¹ whose sudden death in the flower of her youth inspired one of Bossuet's finest funeral orations.

Anne of Orleans, Duchess of Savoy, inherited her Stuart mother's sweetness, but she was, perhaps, less brilliant—a quiet, loving woman, whose devotion to her fickle spouse and to her children absorbed all her energies. She lived on excellent terms with her mother-in-law, also a Frenchwoman, Jeanne Baptiste de Nemours, who had once governed the country as Regent for her son, and whose political talents were inherited by her favourite grand-daughter, our "child-Queen."

The future Sovereign's early childhood was spent in the close companionship of her sister, Mary Adelaide, but in 1696, the elder princess was betrothed to the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV., and eventual heir to the French Crown, and transferred to France to complete her education under the watchful care of Madame de Maintenon. Our readers may remember how the young Duchess of Burgundy, bright and pleasure-loving, became the spoilt darling of the Court of Versailles and the joy of the declining years of Louis XIV.

Her sister, on whose childish shoulders heavier responsibilities were to rest, seems to have been even more intelligent and high spirited, and the training of her grandmother, a keen politician, contributed to develop her mind and character and to fit her for the duties of a reigning sovereign.

In 1701, the question of the little princess's marriage was settled to the satisfaction of her ambitious father. She was solemnly betrothed to Philip V., King of Spain, who, since the previous year had succeeded Charles II., the last Spanish monarch of the house of Austria. By a previous will, the childless Sovereign, weak in mind as in body, had bequeathed his splendid inheritance to his Imperial relatives; then by a later document, he transferred it to the young Duke of Anjou, second son of the "Grand Dauphin," the only and insignificant son of Louis XIV. Both Maria Teresa, young Philip's grandmother, and Anne of Austria, his great-grandmother, were Infantas of Spain, and the shadowy claim thus created was ably made use of by Louis XIV. Naturally enough, the Austrian Emperor was not prepared to relinquish without a struggle the

¹ Henrietta Anne, youngest child of Charles I. and of Henrietta Maria of France; born at Exeter, 1644, died at St. Cloud, 1670.

vast possessions to which he considered his family was entitled, hence a long and weary warfare that lasted from Philip's accession to the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and throughout which the new King of Spain was supported almost solely by France, the other European Powers, England, Holland, Portugal, and at one time, even Savoy, upholding the Austrian candidate, Archduke Charles.

In the famous document that set fire to Europe, Charles II. had expressed a wish that the Duke of Anjou should marry an Austrian Archduchess, hoping possibly thereby to conciliate his irate relatives, but the Court of Vienna rejected the proposal, and Louis XIV., having failed to find a bride for his grandson among the Emperor Leopold's daughters, turned to the little Princess of Savoy.

His fondness for her eldest sister, the Duchess of Burgundy, probably inclined him towards this alliance; in his visions of the future, he saw the twin kingdoms of France and Spain, governed by his grandsons and, sharing their thrones, sister queens, doubly bound by ties of blood and policy, to keep up a close connection between the two kingdoms. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes; of the four royal children on whose heads Louis built his plans, one only was to survive him!

Although the throne that Maria Louisa was called upon to share was far from secure, her marriage was an important one and delighted her father, who had a special partiality for his *Louison*. It was celebrated by proxy on September 11th, 1701, and the next day the little Queen, who was only twelve years old, left Turin, escorted by the Marquis of Castel Rodrigo, whom King Philip had sent to convey her to her new home.

The two duchesses, her mother and grandmother, accompanied her to the foot of the Alps, where with many tears they separated from the young traveller, who, in spite of her precocious sense of her new dignity, was enough of a child to feel the parting keenly. It speaks well for her home training that her relations with her family continued as tender and intimate to the end of her life as they were in these early days. No stiff Court etiquette had been allowed to check her natural impulses, and her letters present a curious mixture of good sense and determination combined with loving confidence and artless simplicity.

In her first letter to "Madame Royale," she entreats the latter not to address her as "Your Majesty;" "the name of

your dear grand-daughter is far more agreeable to me." The minor incidents of the long journey are related with the minuteness of an intelligent child. She plays at cards with her ladies, drinks tea to cure her headache, visits the convents and churches on her way, and evidently enjoys her new honours and the splendid presents that are made to her. Among these magnificent givers was Madame de Sévigné's daughter, Madame de Grignan, who was then *Gouvernante* of Provence. But our little Queen was too much of an eighteenth century woman to care for the Alpine scenery through which she passed: "These mountains and rocks are fearful and terrible," she writes.

At Nice, the young bride was met by the Princess Orsini, who had been appointed by Louis XIV. to accompany her as *Camareira Mayor*, a title that placed her at the head of the Queen's household. By birth a Frenchwoman, of the great house of La Tremoille, the Princess *des Ursins*, as she is called by French historians, was a widow in the prime of life. St. Simon, while denouncing her restless and imperious ambition, recognizes the subtle charm of this *brune aux yeux bleus*, whose conversation was delightful and whose ability undoubted. She understood from the outset that the mistress, to whom her fate was bound henceforth, was a child only in years, and, with exquisite tact, she shaped her course in consequence.

Whatever may have been, in the future, the princess's failings, she did her best to serve the young royalties with whom she had cast her lot. At times, it is true, her imperious disposition added to their difficulties, but both Philip and his wife were staunch in their loyal friendship to the woman who shared their perils during the eventful years when their throne was shaken to its foundations.

Maria Louisa was immediately captivated by the princess. "Madame des Ursins is pleasanter every day," she writes home; and she complacently enumerates the presents that her new *Camareira Mayor* had brought her. Unconsciously, she grew to lean on the deferential and tactful woman, who, alone among her strange surroundings, inspired her with any confidence; for, as she neared her unknown goal, the young Queen's spirits sank considerably. She writes piteously: "My dear mamma, my heart is full of great sadness, especially at night, when I wake and find myself alone." The Spaniards of her escort did not impress her favourably, and on reaching Nice, the wind was high, the sea rough, and the Queen proved such a bad

sailor that it was thought necessary to ask the King of France's leave for her to pursue her journey by land. Worse still, at Perpignan, the Piedmontese ladies, who had accompanied her so far, received orders to return to Turin. The orders came from Louis XIV., who dreaded their influence over his granddaughter, whom he wished to become wholly Spanish and French, but it was a severe trial to the poor little bride. She writes her sorrow to her mother: "I wonder how I shall be able to live in Spain without a single Piedmontese; but, on the other hand, I hope that the King will be all my comfort." The thought of the unknown consort, who she knew was eager to welcome her, gave her courage. "I hope that the King will make up to me for everything," she writes.

Philip came to meet her at Figueras; he rode up to her litter dressed as a courier, but Maria Louisa, who was familiar with his picture, recognized him at once. "Who are you?" she asked, taking his hand. "I am Don Felipe, King of Spain," was the answer.

Philip's portraits, which are plentiful at Versailles, his birth-place, give us the impression of a tall, fair lad, much resembling his elder brother, the Duke of Burgundy. He was honest, devout, conscientious; his life, in a corrupt atmosphere, had been blameless; his intentions were excellent and he was not devoid of ability. But his apparent coldness and excessive timidity were serious defects in the responsible position that he was called upon to occupy, and, in the latter years of his life, after the death of Maria Louisa, his conscientiousness degenerated into morbid scrupulosity.

He was conquered at first sight by the slight, small girl, who, without being a beauty, had her Stuart grandmother's grace, vivacity, and charm. The Spaniards were prepared to love her for the sake of her aunt and namesake, Maria Louisa of Orleans, Henrietta Stuart's eldest daughter, and Duchess Anne of Savoy's only sister, who had married, as his first wife, the sickly Charles II., and whose youthful gaiety for a brief period brightened his dismal Court.

Then, when they grew to know her better, they worshipped her for her own sake, and seldom did a queen respond to the devotion of a chivalrous people more generously than Maria Louisa, whose life and strength were literally spent in the service of her adopted country.

The happy meeting between the youthful Majesties was

unfortunately disturbed by the Spanish ladies, who had taken the place of the Queen's Piedmontese maids of honour, and who declined to hand their royal mistress the French dishes that had been especially prepared for her. With a self-control remarkable in so young a girl, Maria Louisa stifled her displeasure till the banquet was over, but on reaching her room she declared that she had been insulted, and that next day she would return to Italy. The Queen's irritation was not a mere childish outbreak of temper; she displayed such a sense of her regal dignity, such decision and firmness, that from that moment those around her understood that this child of thirteen was a power and must be treated as such. Philip, a lad himself, wept at the idea of her departure, and the Princess Orsini, together with the statesmen and courtiers who had followed the King, spent the night in anxious consultation how to pacify their irate young Sovereign. The Spanish ladies, whose ill-breeding had caused the turmoil, made a humble submission next morning, and Maria Louisa graciously consented to remain. But this trifling incident caused a certain sensation at Versailles, where all the events, great and small, of the Spanish Court were duly reported.

Indeed the task that Louis XIV. had set himself of governing Spain as well as his own kingdom, was fraught with difficulties. Philip's French counsellors excited the jealousy of the punctilious Spaniards, who were passionately attached to their national customs, and, according to the conflicting reports that reached him, the King of France favoured either the French or the Spanish, often ending by displeasing both.

From Figueras the young couple proceeded to Barcelona, and the Queen's home letters show that she was delighted with her "little King," as she fondly calls him. "I am much pleased with the King," she writes, and again in December: "The King is daily more amiable and more charming; it is true that he is almost always with me, and this fills me with joy."

Philip having had a sharp attack of fever, his bride nursed him with unremitting attention; and she evidently enjoyed outwitting the Spanish physicians, "who make difficulties about everything," and giving her patient a treat of jelly. With a good sense and tactfulness, rare in a child of thirteen, she spared no pains to make herself popular.

It seems [she writes] that my ladies love me, and I promise you that I will always try and please them, and indeed please every one.

I assure you, my dear mamma, that when they are together I do not pay more attention to one than to the other.

And again :

I am persuaded that they are pleased with me in France, for the King of France writes me the most obliging letters. Do not fear, my dear mamma, that I shall not try to make myself beloved. I hope to become more and more so.

Madame Royale had impressed upon her grand-daughter the necessity of gaining the good graces of Madame de Maintenon, her grandfather's unacknowledged wife, and the little Sovereign laid herself out to do so with a charm all her own. Her letters to the uncrowned Queen are delightful, with a pretty mixture of playfulness and respect, and in writing to Louis XIV., she is careful to praise Madame de Maintenon's style and to enlarge upon the value she sets on her friendship.

Towards Louis XIV. himself Maria Louisa's attitude is a curious one, when we remember her extreme youth. At first, on arriving in Spain, she writes to the *Roi Soleil*, with the affectionate gaiety of a petted child. After speaking of her longing to visit the French Court at some distant period, she adds :

You will own that it would be funny to see your two grand-daughters embracing you at the same time ; my sister would have the advantage of being the tallest, but I might win by my agility.

Very soon, however, the responsibilities and anxieties that were to weigh so heavily on the young Queen's fragile shoulders, gave her correspondence a graver tone. Only two months after her arrival in Spain, an insurrection having broken out in his Neapolitan dominions, Philip decided to repress it in person. The Queen's delight was unbounded at the thought of seeing her parents again : " I think I would die of joy at the thought of seeing and embracing you," she writes to her father. But the King's determination to take his wife with him to Italy aroused the distrust of the Spaniards. Their opposition to Maria Louisa's departure became known to Louis XIV., and after having given his sanction to the plan, he wrote a letter that came as a heavy blow to the young couple, who were gaily preparing for their journey. With much sound sense, he pointed out that as the Spaniards wrongly imagined that Philip " was ready to relinquish his Spanish kingdom to the house of Austria," it would be politic to leave the Queen at Madrid, her

mere presence being sufficient to stimulate the nation's loyalty to the new dynasty.

The Marquis de Louville, one of Philip's French advisers, sent home a graphic description of the effect produced by this letter on the Spanish Sovereigns, the King seemed irritated, his wife wept copiously, but neither thought for an instant of disregarding their grandfather's commands, and the little Queen's self-control and unselfishness got the better of her natural disappointment. The letter she wrote to Louis XIV. on this occasion is simply wonderful, when we remember that it was penned by a child of thirteen, so wonderful indeed that we might suspect the diplomatic Madame Orsini of having helped her royal mistress, did we not possess Louville's rapturous description of this "prodigy," this "miraculous princess," who is evidently not to be judged by ordinary standards.

The letter is dignified and tender. After expressing her grief at parting from her bridegroom, Maria Louisa recognizes the fact that her presence in Spain "may encourage the King's subjects in their loyalty towards him," and she begs the French monarch to help her with his advice during her lord's absence. Louville, in his despatches to Versailles, had intimated that the Queen's conduct deserved the highest praise, and acting on the hint, Louis XIV. wrote her a gracious, affectionate letter, where in terms of ceremonious courtesy, he recognizes that his granddaughter's "intelligence, good sense, and good feelings" far exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

In spite of her precocious courage, the poor little Queen was still a child, and the prospect of being left alone in a country where she was still yet a stranger made her weep for days together. But, when the final parting came, both she and the King, by mutual agreement, put on a brave face and, to Louville's admiration, did not shed a tear. Then, while Philip was sailing towards Naples, Maria Louisa, with an aching heart, but a clear and resolute mind, turned her attention to the duties that fell to her share as Queen Regent of Spain. With the full approbation of his grandfather, Philip had made his child-wife President of the Council that was to govern the country during his absence; the Queen was expected to be present at the meetings of the Council, and to give her opinion on the matters under discussion, and when we read how she filled this post, we easily endorse Louville's opinion that she was in truth "a miraculous princess."

Philip sailed from Barcelona on April 8th, 1702, and on the 10th, the Queen started for the famous sanctuary of Our Lady of Montserrat, where she spent the end of Holy Week and Easter Sunday. Thence she proceeded to Saragossa, where she began her political career by closing the Cortés of Aragon. The turbulent deputies, who were anything but easy to govern, seem to have felt the charm of their child-Sovereign, for they presented her with a large sum to buy a jewel; but she immediately forwarded the money to the King, who sorely needed financial help, and thereby she roused the enthusiasm of her chivalrous subjects.

From Saragossa the young Regent made her way to Madrid. She suffered much from the heat, we are told, but her high courage and keen sense of her responsibilities supported her, and the Nuncio Aquaviva, who was presented to her on the journey, writes: "It seems supernatural to see such intelligence at an age so tender."

On the last day of June, Maria Louisa made her solemn entrance into Madrid, taking possession alone of the royal city, that she had hoped to enter at her husband's side. The decorations were magnificent, and the enthusiasm of the people unbounded.

After paying a first visit to the Blessed Sacrament, which was exposed in the Palace Chapel, the Regent received the grandees of Spain, their wives, and many members of the lesser nobility. On one and all she produced an excellent impression; this wonderful little girl of thirteen, tactful, high-spirited, dignified, and gracious, "knew how to play the Queen to perfection," says Louville.

When the festivities were over, Maria Louisa set herself to grapple with the more arduous duties of her part as Regent, and proved that she was a hard worker as well as a successful representative sovereign.

The kingdom, owing to the incapacity and apathy of the late King Charles II., was in a pitiable condition. Money was scarce, and abuses were rife in every branch of government. Added to this, the necessity of referring every detail to the King of France was an untold complication; communications between Madrid and Versailles were lengthy and perilous two hundred years ago, and Louis XIV. had assumed an almost superhuman task when he undertook to govern Spain in addition to his own kingdom. The rivalry that existed between

Philip's French counsellors and his Spanish statesmen was another source of difficulty, and it needed all the young Queen's intelligence and energy and all Princess Orsini's diplomacy to steer safely amid these dangerous quicksands. In her letters to the King of France, the child-Regent gives an account of her daily occupations :

Every day I am present at the Council for two or three hours. It is a very honourable occupation, but I own to your Majesty not an amusing one for so young a head as mine, especially as I hear nothing spoken of but pressing necessities, which cannot be provided for on account of the bad state of the public finances.

The apathy of the Spanish politicians astonished and provoked the Queen ; in another letter to Louis XIV. she begins by excusing herself for having delayed to write :

The occupations that you and your grandson have thought fit to give me absorb me so much that really I have not time to look round me.

Then she goes on :

Business here is carried on with extraordinary slowness ; out of fifty affairs that are brought to be examined, not half are wound up ; the next day as many more are brought forward and treated in the same fashion. I know that people complain of this. . . . I am very sorry, but it is not my fault, as I have given my opinion on the matter. It may be that it is only my natural vivacity and my want of experience that make me believe that the Ministers would do well to be more expeditious, and that after all they are right to judge things with their Spanish *stegme*.

She adds that on certain days she spends six hours at the Council and the rest of the day in giving audiences to the ladies of Madrid :

I have no time left to go out. I only have a moment in the evening, after supper, to amuse myself a little with my ladies. I then play at blind man's buff. . . .

The young Sovereign's regular attendance at the Council, where she went accompanied by the Princess Orsini, her close attention to what was going on and her quick comprehension of the subjects under discussion delighted her subjects. If her Ministers wandered off in useless digressions, she took up her needlework, and when they seemed surprised, she smilingly observed that as they were in the habit of talking of things that were of no importance to the State, she meant to employ the time in working, as she did not care to listen to matters outside her province. The Ministers accepted the lesson with a good

grace, and it often happened that, to bring them back to the matter in hand, it was enough that the Queen should threaten to take up her work.

Besides remaining at the Council for long hours together, the Regent was in the habit of summing up in writing the discussions that had taken place. She sat up late at night to do the work, and the Marshal de Tessé, who some years later had occasion to peruse the mass of papers that bore witness to her industry, was amazed that a girl of thirteen should have been able to accomplish so laborious a task! That the Princess Orsini, with her experience of men and things, proved herself at this juncture a valuable friend to Maria Louisa, is an undoubted fact, but the Princess's own letters show that the child-Queen had a strong and distinct personality, and that her *Camarera Mayor* invariably treated her as a Sovereign in deed as well as in name, only Madame Orsini's tact and diplomacy enabled her to act as the Queen's adviser without ever infringing on the regal dignity of which the young Regent was so jealous.

A touching trait in Maria Louisa's character was her deep tenderness; she was, a rare combination, no less warm-hearted than she was clear-headed.

In the early days of her married life, she had playfully owned to her grandmother that her beloved "little King" was somewhat too serious for his age, and subsequent letters note that he was gradually becoming brighter and more demonstrative. She knew that this apparent coldness, which she had noticed on their first meeting, was a real bar to Philip's popularity, and when it was arranged that he should meet her family during his Italian campaign, her letters betray a touching anxiety on the subject: "I am very impatient to know how you found that amiable prince," she writes to her father, and, after the interview had taken place, she writes to her grandmother:

I am so glad that you are pleased with him. . . . I assure you that you may feel proud that he spoke so much to you, for he does not speak to everyone, and this makes me truly happy. . . . I am delighted to hear him loved and admired by everyone.

In reality the interview between the young King of Spain and the princely family of Savoy had been wanting in cordiality. Influenced by his French adviser, Louville, Philip, timid by nature, had fenced himself round with ceremony and adopted the attitude of a Sovereign rather than of a son, but both parties

tacitly agreed to give the anxious Queen a glowing account of the meeting.

Even her arduous occupations as Regent were welcomed for Philip's sake: "You are too careful of me," she writes to her grandmother, "business does not fatigue me; all that I do for my dear husband must needs be pleasant to me."

At times, this devoted affection has a tinge of protecting tenderness that is pathetic when we remember how heavy was the weight of responsibility that during her short life weighed on the young Queen's shoulders.

Thus in a letter to Louis XIV., written during her husband's Italian campaign, she says, alluding to Philip's unfortunate timidity:

I humbly beg your Majesty to use all the authority he possesses over the King his grandson, to make the latter say boldly: I will or I will not. And in his answer the French King gallantly observes:

I quite approve that, according to your Majesty's suggestion, the King should accustom himself to speak as a master. If you promise to love him all the better for it, you will lead him to conquer a timidity that is so contrary to his interests. I quite understand that in order to please you, he should change his defects into perfections.

Some years later, writing to Amelot, who was then French Ambassador at Madrid, Maria Louisa returns to the subject: after begging Amelot to remonstrate with the King, she gracefully adds:

I may be permitted to acknowledge the small defects of a husband who possesses so many great and estimable qualities, and who, if he were a little bolder in conversation, would be perfect, at any rate in my eyes.

The decision in which her consort was so woefully deficient, was, on the contrary, one of the Queen's chief characteristics. While Philip was carrying on a desultory campaign in Italy and a child of thirteen was at the helm of the Government of Spain, a hundred thousand English and Dutch troops, under the Duke of Ormond, landed in Andalusia, on behalf of the Austrian candidate to the Spanish throne. The little Queen was equal to the occasion; she assembled her Council, declared that she was ready to start for Andalusia to encourage the inhabitants, and spoke with such stirring eloquence that she fired her apathetic Ministers with something of her own bright spirit. Supplies of men and money were sent to M. de Villa d'Arias, the faithful governor of the threatened province, and according to the English historian, Coke, the Regent's bold initiative alone saved Andalusia from becoming the property of the allies.

Maria Louisa had no thought of posing as a heroine, although she acted as one, and her child-like simplicity is one of her charms. She relates the episode to her "dear King," adding that, owing to the pressure of circumstances, she had been forced to act on her own responsibility, without consulting either her husband or his grandfather. She ends her letter by telling him that on the previous day she had been present at the Council from eight o'clock till midnight: "With your permission, my dear King, I will end this letter and go for an airing, for it is a long time since I have been out. . . ."

The English and Dutch fleets, whose descent on Andalusia had been successfully repulsed, sailed up to Vigo, where they attacked the French fleet. Fifteen French vessels were lost, and the intelligence of this disaster spread consternation throughout Spain. The Regent had to announce the fatal news to Louis XIV. She did so on October 31st, 1702, "with very great sorrow," a sorrow that was increased by the thought that the heavy loss had been entailed on the French King "because of his efforts to help this monarchy."

The answer of Louis XIV. is dignified and resigned. After reminding his grand-daughter that "God often draws good from evil," he praises the Regent for "her continual attention to the good of the State," an attention that was more necessary than ever, for the disaster at Vigo had spread anxiety and unrest throughout the country. Happily, however, the allied fleets did not attempt to pursue their advantage, but the anxious young Sovereign felt that her husband's return was now imperative, and urged Louis XIV. to allow him to leave Italy. "The people and the nobility seem very zealous in our cause, but they are waiting impatiently for the King, their master's return."

Her wish was realized. In January, 1703, Philip landed in Spain. The Queen went to meet him at Guadalaxara, where at one in the morning, in the midst of a fearful snowstorm, the royal traveller appeared. He was welcomed by his wife with "extraordinary joy," and a few days later the young Sovereigns made a solemn entrance into Madrid.

To the delight of the chivalrous Spaniards, the King insisted on riding close to the Queen's sedan chair, as a knight attending on his lady, a delicate recognition of the service rendered to the State by the fragile, eager girl of fourteen, who on that memorable seventeenth of January, was radiantly happy.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

A Pilgrim of Eternity.

I. A ROMAN ROAD.

FOR many years I enjoyed the friendship of a Unitarian minister; and on his entering a novitiate, he gave me some notes which helped me to trace his path more clearly. As I am free to act in the matter, and as the process of his conversion may interest those who do not approach the Church from Anglicanism, I will try, by means of his notes, his letters, and my memory, to follow his steps. I may say that he had been an Anglican clergyman, but one day he arrived at the difficulty involved in the foundation of the Establishment. There was a creed presented for his belief, and unsupported by authority; and very naturally he came to the conclusion that he must either follow Newman, and accept an infallible authority, with the symbol it propounds, or, like Martineau, follow his own judgment, without the help of a common creed. He adopted the latter alternative, for he knew little of the life within the Catholic Church. A dreamer himself, he dreaded lest he should be misled by the dreams of others; and the supernatural had not yet shone with its own clear light upon his soul. Many a one, perhaps, in looking at the Church from outside, has that strange, undefined feeling, a dim wonder if it be true, and yet a subtle fear of mysterious illusion. To them, indeed, the subject seems to be lacking in actuality. I remember well how I was struck when he told me one evening that he had been investigating some spiritualist phenomena, and that, if he had known these things at the time of his secession from Anglicanism, he would have entered the Catholic Church.

He had accepted a Unitarian pulpit, offered him with a promise that no one would be allowed to interfere with his preaching, provided he always spoke out exactly what he believed. It was individualism with a vengeance. Cut off from all the historic and social forms of religion, it was inevitable

that he should turn his attention to the furniture of his own mind, and measure the contents by whatever standard he might find within. He told me of a sermon he preached at this time, in which he was trying to establish the Kantian unity of consciousness against those "who deny the mind itself, and explain everything by a succession of thoughts, feelings, and volitions, these themselves merely forms of sensations, proceeding nowhence and nowhither in a medium of nothing." When he would suggest that memory implied some bond between the successive sensations, and that such a bond could not be in the continually changing material of the brain, he found the answer brushed aside by Mill's vague reference to an inexplicable tie, or by some fanciful comparison. With some indignation he spoke of such methods as the fulfilment of Swinburne's verse, for it was to weave, and to be clothed with derision.

At the time he was very active in agitating for some reform in the local administration of the Poor Law; and the socialist elements in his political views were strangely at variance with the individualism of his religious opinions. His speeches continually emphasized the historical and collectivist view of the State. There was more in his utterances than he realized, for he did not love the communism of Plato's *Republic*, but found his texts in Aristotle's *Politics*, especially insisting upon one in which the very nature of man is declared to be social. So he began to see a purpose in the world; and he fought against the Robinson Crusoe view of society and the "enlightenment" of the eighteenth century, though in religion he was their representative. "Under such conditions," he wrote to me, "society will appear to be based merely on an agreement, a convention, and to consist in a police arrangement. No long time will then elapse before the restraint of physical force proves intolerable, and men will refuse to be related even as combatants in a selfish struggle. The defiance of all authority, sheer anarchism, though clothing itself in socialist robes, and even wearing its name, will seek a proud isolation in which men are neither patriots, nor teachers, nor students, but—nothing. The wondrous structure of the universe, and the still more wonderful order of humanity, are disintegrated, dispersed, dissolved. Then night and silence in twin dominion ascend to crown and sceptre, for the world attains the Nirvāṇa of Nihilism, a life that does not live, and a death that cannot die."

But his religious and political views had this much in

common, that both were reactions against the views of Hume and Rousseau. The age of criticism and destruction had ended in hunger for construction and creative art. Led by Grant's *Aristotle*, my friend turned to a careful study of the greatest movement in ancient thought. "Socrates," he wrote to me, "was a sophist, one who questioned the political, ethical, and other traditions of Athens. But he was not satisfied with such a position. He would advance beyond mere individual opinion, and desired some ground for common judgment. This he sought by means of conversation; and he would understand what was really to be understood by such concepts as virtue, justice, friendship, and knowledge. His pupil, Plato, did not rest so. Farther than his master had succeeded in doing, he moved from the standpoint of individual opinion, mere private judgment, and drew nearer the position occupied by his own pupil, Aristotle, who saw that sophistry and scepticism end in an inability to make any assertion, and who recognized the social nature of man, and a design in all things. It was for him, the third of the dynasty, to organize the whole world of the ancient knowledge." Probably much of my friend's thought at this time was influenced by Erdmann, an Hegelian historian of philosophy. The recognition of order in the world and in human history left him open to any teacher who would offer some formula for the progress. And many of the Christian doctrines began to seem fairer in his eyes, now that he could regard them in their concrete and historical setting. The Hegelian view of the Apostles as stating the thesis of the Concept or the Word, that of the Church, as unfolding this into propositions, and that of the Schoolmen as forming syllogisms in defence, fitted so well with what he had learned of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, that he asked, "When then were the Dark Ages?" And on reading Bosanquet's *Aesthetic*, he was the less surprised to find the name a misnomer. "They are not dark," he would say in a light jest, "but we are in the dark about them."

The doctrine of development, though he had not read Newman's work, became his guide; and he applied the doctrine itself to the Idealist school, in which he had learned it. So he came to something he deemed an important discovery. The histories of philosophy treated the great German movement as ending in Hegel. But Schelling's work falls into two great periods, one following the death of Hegel, and regarded by

Hegelians as an eccentricity at least. The historical order, however, must be preserved; and of it, my friend wrote to me in a passage, which evidently owes much to Heine: "Like the great movement in Athens, that of modern times arose out of an individualist and sceptical soil. The eighteenth century had many aspects; but perhaps its most characteristic feature was an obliteration of all distinctions in the name of reason, and under the banner of liberty, equality, and fraternity. It culminated in Robespierre as high priest, an abandoned woman as goddess of reason, and the horrors of the French Revolution as the golden age. A lonely, old-fashioned philosopher, Kant, was the Socrates of the new time. He tried to find real principles in knowledge, conduct, and art. But these he sought in the individual mind, where they formed merely the moulds in which its sensations could take shape. His pupil, Fichte, a genius and a hero, went beyond this form of individualism to one which took account of a larger world; and he saw the Universal All as One Self; but he gave no sufficient account of the souls within it. In the largest lecture-room of Berlin University, and fronting a crowded audience, stood the little figure, with sharp profile, quick blue eyes, and all the dignity of noble enthusiasm. He was voicing the patriotism of the German Fatherland, and unfolding the idea of the true war. Then he stepped down to enter the ranks of the volunteers. He would march against Napoleon, the political representative of egoism, and he would march in the power of an abstract idea, he the philosophical representative of egoism. But afterwards, Schelling saw the need of dwelling more upon that which is not the Ego, and of giving greater prominence to the philosophy of nature. Then Hegel came to assert the philosophy of spirit, and wrote its proclamation while the cannon roared and the flames rose above his lodging. He went beyond his friend and leader, Schelling, in trying to conceive an absolute, in which all things would be harmonized. The vastness of the labour was worthy of an Aquinas; and perhaps the world lost another St. Thomas when Hegel went to Jena, instead of finding the town he desired, some place where he could have good beer and a near view of the Catholic religion. When he died, he left us his wonderful dream of One Universal All, the Absolute, constituted by thoughts related to each other, and, unlike Plato's, developing into one another. But it was all intellectual, and Schopenhauer opposed it with

one solely volitional, explaining the All by the supposition of a will separated from thought. However, Schelling rose again ; and now, embracing a fuller view of the universe, he dwelt upon the philosophy of revelation, and led the whole movement forward till it also became tributary to the Catholic revival."

For my part, I am not sure that my friend really understood those systems of philosophy ; but his method of studying philosophy by selecting a philosopher, and trying to realize the man and the man's thought in his own life, certainly fostered his inclination to hero-worship. This tendency is illustrated further by the notes he made for sermons on the history of religion. Among other things, he wrote : "We read of the Buddha's strangely gentle passage through our world ; and it gives us pause amid our storm and stress to dream for a moment of his calm. By utter renunciation and by self-mastery he would attain to peace. He stood apart, all ties to humankind severed as completely as in Ajax, in whom the isolation was the prelude to suicide. Something is lacking. The lofty abstraction from the world of sense, and even the loneliness, draw our eyes to him ; but not so ready are our hearts to surrender themselves entirely. We miss the fervent zeal, the rapturous love, the inspiration of self-sacrifice. In a western land, and at a later day, after his own great renunciation, the gentle St. Francis will wed the Lady Poverty, and live a life of stern self-discipline, but all for love. Nothing seems impossible to him, for the fire flaming in his heart consumes all barriers. He has found the Highest, and knows the Highest to be Infinite Love. All his words leap from the furnace of his longing to reveal God's love to men. But ever his own eyes turn to a crucifix ; and in his glance we learn that the impassioned Saint of Assisi had kindled his soul by the Light of the World. Therefore he had renounced himself to achieve larger enterprises, not to lose himself in a Nirvāṇa state, that is hardly of consciousness, and certainly not of will, but to identify his own thought and purpose with the design of the Love he found in all things. He sought to express the social nature of our souls by his religious community, by the rule of life he offered those living in the world, by his enthusiasm for the Gospel, by ceaseless prayer, and all in unquenchable love and aspiration. Beyond him and beyond the reaches of my soul there is another Figure ; and though St. Francis kneels in lowly adoration, while my own heart contemplates the

Vision of Sorrow, my intellect is unable to grasp Its proportions and relations. Yet somehow that Veiled Grief speaks to me of God."

About this time he began to fret over the paralysis which attends the want of faith, but he found some consolation in Green's philosophy. He was not long misled by the metaphysics in which Green argues, not for the similarity, but for the identity of the Infinite Intelligence and our own, because the same world can be known of both. Green's attractiveness lay rather in his insistence on the good-will and the common good, and in his brave declaration that every act of good-will has a proportionate effect. The centre of power is thus transferred to the lowly and the many; and I can remember the delight with which my friend repeated an old legend, as it had been modernized by one of his brother-ministers. It was the tale of a poor clown who wanted to become a monk, but in the convent he could not do anything right. He was very stupid and very ignorant, but he wanted to do something to please our Lady, so he used to go down to the crypt, for there was a statue of her in it, and he would dance and play his clown's tricks before the statue. But at last, the Abbot and the other monks heard of this, and they went down into the crypt and caught him. Then he fell down, for the end of his life had come; and as he lay there dying he told them our Lady had appeared to him and said how pleased she was, for it was all he could do.

At the same time, my friend suffered from depression; and perhaps opposition and disappointment produced the mood in which he wrote to me: "We may remember that Carlyle pointed out the impossibility of making even one man happy. Nor can we forget the pathetic unveiling of John Mill's soul. He has told us of the gloom which fell upon him the moment he realized that, if all his benevolent schemes were realized, he himself would not be satisfied. Happiness, like pleasure, proves to be the baseless fabric of a vision. Can it be the martyr was in the right, though he surrendered pleasure, happiness, and earthly life itself, and placed his genuine good in blessedness? But now we wonder what such blessedness may be. What if He has come, the Good Man, of whom Plato prophesied that He would come to instruct us, and we should crucify Him? There comes to my mind some story connected with the name of Empedocles. Inheriting some old tradition of the heathen

priesthood, he sang of the hate which had entered our world and wrought it to a discord, though round it the universe pulsed in harmony. And then he sang of expiation and propitiation to restore the lost music of the world."

Not long afterwards my friend came to tell me of his interest in the Tannhäuser legend, the story of a minstrel who left the Hill of Venus to seek the Pope's forgiveness, receiving in answer a prophecy that sooner a dead staff would bear leaves. Heine, Swinburne, William Morris, Wagner, and others had treated the subject. All, of course, told of the Pope's staff that burst into foliage, but differed as to the ultimate fate of the minstrel. My friend wished the subject could be raised to a higher level, and unfolded as a pilgrim's progress from the Lutheran Black Forest to the Eternal City. He thought it could be transformed, as Dante had transformed Beatrice into his own heavenly guide; "but," he added, "one would need the faith of Dante; and perhaps after all it is true, as one of our Unitarian ministers would say, the religion of Dante is the religion of eternity, and all other schemes of the weal and the woe are only religions of time." Then he suggested that the final episode in the Tannhäuser story might be altered, so as to delineate the barriers that must be overcome when any one moves Romewards. I have a note in which he explains his meaning. "Let me," he writes, "lift my eyes to the hills of Rome; and I encounter obstacles and assaults which never meet me when I face any other quarter of the horizon. I have been wandering without star or pilot, and my head is weary, and my heart is filled with undefinable gloom. Though I have been playing ninepins with their most cherished beliefs, they, who now rise to stay my passage, never raised their voice to prevent my ruin, or that of my companions. Within my soul there is a conflict, growing darker and fiercer. A horrible power of evil envelops me; and my soul is like Bunyan's Christian, when he was assailed by Apollyon in the valley of the shadow of death. Over me there seems to be some mysterious struggle raging, as when the Angel of God, and he of Hell, fought for the body of Dante's Buonconte. Then the evil one lost his prey through one poor tear of penitence, and one faltering call on Mary's name. All the ill he could then achieve was to rouse storm and stream, that they might rend apart the dead man's arms, folded in a cross. It may be that now, for the first time, I am fully conscious of a death-grip with the subtlety and

malignancy of the evil powers. But I will fall upon my knees, and stammer, scarce understanding the meaning in the words, 'Hail Mary.'

When next he came to see me he had changed wonderfully. His face was bright and open; but his manner was extremely quiet. "I am a Catholic," he said simply, "and I hope to make a retreat next week before my reception." He told me he had resigned his pulpit. Everything seemed easy, for God seemed to be bearing him onward. I asked how he had received the gift of faith; but he could not tell; nor could he explain anything. He knew he was a different man. That was all. He had been blind, but now he saw. As yet indeed, he saw only as one looking at a stained-glass window from the outside. He knew he would have much trouble, but God must see to that, for he himself was too tired to do anything. I have one of his notes, which evidently belongs to that time. In it he writes, "Darkness and confusion seem to pass from my outlook; and I discern at last the meaning of life. It is perfection through self-sacrifice. From the sign of the Cross, with which every action is prefaced, to the innermost meaning of the most sublime mystery, all things Catholic speak that one word. Surely, it is the fulfilment of the command uttered centuries ago. Yet here, we find little account of distinctions in time, for here in the everlasting now of God, the Gospel is preached, the saints live, God appears in earthly form, and the Sacrifice of Calvary is ever consummated. It is not a gospel, as it was proclaimed to another people in other days, nor a Christ of ancient history. Here He lives, working in undeniable and beneficent power, drawing the souls of men to Him, as He reigns enthroned on the Catholic altar. Still He calls the weak, the lowly, and the ignorant, and makes them His apostles to the world. Even at this moment He summons the despised to attend upon Himself, that they may reflect His own ineffable glory in manifold splendour. And Queen of all the saints, reigns in love and tenderness she, whose flesh and blood He still and ever wears, whose pure heart pulsed in forming His Sacred Heart, and whose eyes wept to see Him on the Cross."

Within two or three weeks after his reception he felt himself called to the religious life; but of this I will add nothing except what I find in one of his own notes. "At that moment," it runs, "I might have expected a truce of God. For years my life had been almost a nightmare. Indeed, it was just ten years

since I had broken out into a wild expression of my condition, and offered Almighty God that I would go to Hell for so long if He would but tell me the truth. Now the worst struggle of all awaited me. There was a call for me to devote myself entirely to God. It was more than renunciation of the world, for it meant the sacrifice of myself. Whether it ought to be done, how it ought to be done, and, primarily, whether it could be done, were questions that troubled me while a number of interests were demanding my attention. To me, tortured by difficulties and perplexities, there came one moment when my faculties seemed strained to the utmost. I was then walking through a street, and my head was beginning to reel. I felt within myself that the tension would render me insane if it were prolonged. At that moment something, I know not what, turned my head round towards a shop-window in which a picture was hanging. I went nearer. There our Lord was hanging on His Cross; and He was crowned with thorns. By Him drove proudly and in royal state a king crowned with gold. It was the Church and the world. I had chosen. Across my mind there flashed the story of the saint to whom our Lord appeared in vision, commanding her to choose one of the two crowns He carried. And to my lips there rose at once her answer, 'The Thorns.'

After he had entered upon his noviceship he wrote to me, and told me of the peace in his life. He could not understand it, he said, but he had no real difficulties now; and even the little trials of the religious life were softened when he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament. He thought his own pilgrimage, and that of many others, would have been shorter if he had known what to seek. It is the vision of God, he held, that gives unity and fulness to deed and aspiration. That hope once lost, we lose the communion of the saints and the mysteries of religion; and this he illustrated by the state of England under the last Henry, and by the successive editions of the Anglican prayer-book. In such a strain he wrote to me, "The Church gone; gone, too, are the mysteries of God she treasured for the souls of men. Her awful rite, wherein the Lord of Glory perpetuates His Life and Death and Priesthood, becomes a memorial indeed, but a monument to men only, an historical symbol, and a gravestone. When the gradually closing eyes of the soul can no longer discern the presence of the Holy Spirit, veil after veil falls upon all He has consecrated. The baptismal water

and our Lady's prayer lose their meaning, and, therefore, their perfect reasonableness. The books of the Church, with the utterances by which she has moved so many millions through so many centuries, become void of interest, save as literary expressions of profound pathos and sublime grandeur. In England the Puritan succeeded the Reformers, only to be superseded by a Broad Church nebula, averse from historical religion, and from its unfeeling isolation, whispering question after question to the wayfarer already enveloped in a cloud. But what of the vast masses who constitute almost the whole of struggling humanity? It is within God's Kingdom, and by the consecrating power of His Spirit, their infinite value is recognized and secured. Outside that sphere they merely constitute a social problem. In England the suppression of the monasteries was followed by the hanging of beggars, and the institution of the Poor Law."

If my account hangs poor and scrappy, some indulgence may be granted me, having regard to the difficulties inevitable in such a case. As to the worth of the task, I would plead that many have described the road from Canterbury, and even that from Jerusalem to Rome, but not many have related such a voyage of discovery as that on which my friend set forth. And very gently I would suggest the value of sympathy and forbearance in the case of these struggling souls who have been made for God, and who are restless till they find their rest in Him.

M. N.

In a Night Shelter.

Again into the potter's shop I strayed,
Where jars and pots a-many were displayed;
And all cried out, Where is the potter now,
And those who bought and sold, where are they laid?
(Omar Khayyám.)

IT was 5.30 p.m., and the living-room of the women's wing was already full—as it were, of human driftwood that had been cast up on the shores of pity. There were a hundred and nine of them in this single room: homeless women and children. And beyond in the open streets there were more. How many more? God knows. For I heard throughout the night the echo of countless feet.

To see a homeless woman is a pathetic sight. But to see a homeless mother and child is a worse sight, inasmuch as it affects two generations. Yet in the shelter to-night, gathered in out of the streets, were many a mother and child; infants in arms, tiny toddlers; children of all sizes; as well as women, old and young. And they were all homeless, all starving—all sitting there in rows, their faces lined with want, their bodies wrapped in rags.

It was a sight that made one pause. How was it? Was human pity dead? or was London indifferent to the fate of its women?

In truth, it would have seemed so, were it not for the fact of this shelter, which opened its doors in the Master's name to the poor and the outcast of London. The charity was irrespective of creed; its benefits were offered to Christian and Jew. No payment was asked, no service required. It was that rare thing in the philanthropic world—a free shelter.

So they sat there in the cheerful light of the living-room, while a fire burned and crackled at either end of the room. They seemed tired and exhausted. They had been trailing through the wet streets all day, and some all the preceding night. The children, too, sat huddled up and silent, wide-eyed and expectant. They were waiting for supper.

In the centre of the room sat a Sister of Mercy before an open book; further down was her assistant before another book. In one was a register of names which was called each night. In the other were entered the particulars of each case: name, occupation, reference, and cause of misfortune. The applicants each evening were ranged into two categories—the holders of white tickets and the holders of pink. Those possessing white cards were on probation, which means that they were being entertained pending inquiries. The owners of the pink tickets were those whose references were satisfactory. The latter were entitled to board and lodging for a period extending over three weeks, and in special cases for a longer time. But even those whose record had not been good were given a chance wherever a desire was shown for amendment. Thus every candidate was urged to make a frank statement, for here truth was accounted to each unto righteousness.

The benefits of the shelter, however, were not confined to board and lodging. Employment was frequently found for the inmates, in which case clothes were supplied. In other cases tools were redeemed from pledge to enable their owners to secure employment. At other times a family was given another start in life: a little room being furnished, and a week's rent paid. All these things were given gratuitously by the shelter authorities when they had weighed the merits of the individual case.

Apart from the help thus given to the inmates, assistance is also given to the outside poor. Sometimes it is food, sometimes coal-tickets, and for the past nine years a free soup-kitchen has distributed more than 1,200 quarts of soup per week to the starving poor.

In reviewing the foundation of this institution, which accommodates nightly more than three hundred men, women, and children, one cannot but be struck by the power of individual effort in social work.

Founded by a Catholic priest in the year 1860, this work of charity began in a stable, where fourteen poor women were taken in and sheltered. The stable stood in a small courtyard, close to Bishopsgate Without, the name of the courtway being Providence Row. It was the first unsectarian charity in London, and when the work outgrew its first narrow limits, and was transferred to its present quarters in Crispin Street, it still retained its original name,—the Providence Row Night Refuge.

That this night shelter differs from other similar institutions is due to several causes, but chiefly to two; namely, to the personality of its founder, and to the labours of the Sisters of Mercy, to whom Mgr. Gilbert entrusted the work.

One great characteristic of the Crispin Street charity is its humane spirit. Here every man, woman, and child is a separate and distinct entity. Each is entitled to individual consideration. Here there is no suggestion of pauperism, therefore the benefits may be accepted without loss of self-respect. The spirit of the house is one of Brotherhood, where all are co-heirs to the Kingdom.

Such was the spirit in which Mgr. Gilbert founded the work, and such is the spirit in which the Sisters of Mercy conduct it.

The administration of the institution is twofold. The business affairs are managed by a working committee of laymen; the domestic arrangements are carried out by the Sisters. The ownership of the buildings is also twofold. The shelter and home are vested in the names of lay trustees, who hold the property for the poor in perpetuity. The convent, on the other hand, belongs to the community, having been built for their own needs out of their own funds. The wisdom of this plan is, that in the event of any political or religious upheaval, the shelter and home would remain the property of the poor. And meanwhile the arrangement ensures to non-Catholic subscribers a guarantee that all money subscribed to the shelter is applied to an unsectarian charity.

But to return to the living-room. On the evening of my arrival, what struck me most on seeing those faces was the infinite pathos of human life. One knew that misery existed: want, and grief, and desolation. But here was the epitome of these. It stared one in the face, seeming like a new thing. Hitherto in my comings and goings among the submerged I thought I had plumbed the depths of sorrow. But the sight in the night shelter revealed greater depths than I had yet experienced. This was worse than sorrow and want. It was destitution, further than which no man could imagine.

Presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the sight, I noticed a woman sitting half-way down the room. She was sitting quite still. And when the others turned to scan me as I entered, she remained immovable, with her head bent on her breast. For the time being she saw nothing save the long grey streets that she had paced that day. To-morrow she must go

through them again, walking, walking from dawn till dusk. But perhaps it would not be for long. She was getting old now. She was nearly seventy, and perhaps death would be kind to her. Not long ago she had been ill. She had hoped she was dying. But the Angel had passed her by and had given no sign. Then she knew that she must drain still further her cup of sorrow. So now she sat with bent head absorbed in her own thoughts.

I was chatting in low tones to the Sister in charge, when I saw the woman suddenly raise her head and strain her ears in vague questioning. It was as if she heard a voice she knew. Then, without giving a thought to her sixty-odd years, she clambered over the back of the bench and ran towards us.

"Glory be! an' 'tis yerself," she said breathlessly. And while she rung my hand the sudden tears started to her eyes. "An' ter think o' me sittin' theer like a fool," she said, "not knowin' ye was here. Then all of a suddint, I heard yer voice." She paused, and suddenly remembering her acrobatic feat, she laughed. "The saints only knows how I got over the back o' that bench," she said. The inmates, too, seemed to wonder, for the silent faces that lined the shelter gazed at her in astonishment. Such meetings were uncommon. Most of the women gathered in the shelter had no friends. In all the wide world this woman had but two—and I was one of them. The fact was pathetic, and it probably accounted for the thrill that ran through the ranks of the homeless. So she laughed again as she grasped my hand; and the Sister leaving us together, the woman told me how she had fared since our last meeting. Work was still slack, she said. Each morning she went out from the shelter in search of employment. Each evening she returned dispirited. She was a hat-trimmer, but she was ready to take any job. But there was nothing doing. She was lucky to be in the shelter, for here she was sure of supper, breakfast, and a night's lodging. She was grateful for this; particularly for the night's shelter. The open streets were terrible. She could bear anything so long as she had a bed to lie on. The casual ward? Every casual ward in London was full. Often before she had slept in a casual ward. But great as was her horror of the dreary streets, she almost preferred them. She might be poor and homeless, but she was not a pauper. What she wanted was work and no favour. But there was no work. So when she had spent her last penny she finally stood outside the shelter whose doors stood open to all.

Taking the establishment in its entirety it was like a little world. And in this busy world there were but sixteen Sisters of Mercy, ten of whom taught during the day in the school. It was not a parochial school. They had no official status in the parish. Theirs was a kind of No Man's Land, where all sorts of human oddments were gathered in. The pupils consisted of those children who were temporarily in the shelter; the poor of the immediate neighbourhood, and the overflow from the Jewish school in Whitechapel. All of the latter were foreign children: black-eyed Germans and flaxen-haired Russians. The school consisted of two large rooms divided by a partition. After school hours this partition was rolled back, leaving one double-sized room which served at night as the living-room of the women's shelter.

From the living-room I now went into another room, where a large fire burned behind a high fender. Here the women wash and mend their clothes. Further on was the washing-place, as was testified by rows of white basins and a long foot-bath, which ran alongside one wall. It had hot and cold taps laid on, and in this long shallow bath a row of East End babies sit crowing and splashing each evening while being bathed by their respective mothers. Off the washing-place was a row of bath-rooms, each supplied with hot and cold water. Soap and towels are also provided by the authorities; but at Crispin Street, unlike in the casual ward, baths are optional.

Passing along a flagged corridor, I came upon the pantry where the bread for the women's supper was piled on the shelves in crisp fresh rolls. Behind the door a large double bin containing cocoa and brown sugar, testified to the hospitality of the shelter. Next came the soup-kitchen, with its bright and burnished copper; and then came the private laundry of the boarders' home, where the household linen is washed by the inmates of the servants' home.

These two latter branches of social work, though offshoots from the original foundation, are quite distinct from it.

In the boarders' home accommodation is offered to girl typists and students whose work necessitates residence in London. For lodging and partial board each girl pays six shillings a week. Equally important in point of latter day needs is the servants' home, where sixteen poor girls are now trained for service. The servants are received free. Both of these sections are doing excellent work, though owing to lack

of funds their progress is at present seriously hampered. Yet the safeguarding of our girls is a matter of public interest, and one to which no true woman can be indifferent. Indeed, the usefulness of such a scheme as this can only be appreciated by those who know the temptations incidental to girl-life in great cities.

A few weeks ago, being interested in a certain girl who for the time being was without a home, I suggested that she should apply for admission at the boarders' home. Owing to a prolonged illness and consequently a prolonged idleness, the girl was not only homeless but penniless. However, I was able to find the weekly fees for her maintenance, and I knew that if the authorities could manage it in any way that they would not refuse the case. But they had not a vacancy. More than that, they had already taken in more than their number before my *protégée* arrived. Therefore she was turned away.

This is but one case out of many. On the evening of my visit to the home I learned from the secretary that the committee were anxious to enlarge this section of their work, *i.e.*, the boarders' home and the servants' department, by building an additional wing. Unfortunately they are obliged to stay their hand for want of the necessary support.

Meanwhile, one may ask, what becomes of each girl who is turned away each night? The question is a grave one, and to those of us who know the comfort of a home I cannot but think that the claims of the homeless girl appeal with special force.¹ The home as well as the shelter is always open for inspection, and visitors may feel sure of a welcome.

Leaving the women's section and crossing over to the men's wing, I was taken to see the men's dormitory. It was a large room, well-lighted and ventilated, containing accommodation for one hundred and forty men. Along two sides of the wall were ranged a row of wooden bunks, while a double row ran down the centre of the dormitory. Three planks formed each bunk. Each plank was detachable and was scrubbed white. Over these three boards was placed a flock mattress covered with American cloth. A bolster of the same, and a small pillow covered with soft leather completed the furniture of the bunk by day. At night-time each inmate is provided with three sheep-skins,

¹ For a detailed account of the work at the Providence Row Night Shelter, the reader is referred to the *Memoir of Mgr. Gilbert*. Compiled by his nephew, John W. Gilbert, B.A. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1897.

which have the advantage of being warmer than blankets, besides being more hygienic. And in these sheep-skins the destitute man rolls himself round till morning, to sleep the dreamless sleep of the exhausted.

A low partition, about twelve inches high, divides one bunk from the adjoining bunk. The partition reaches down to the floor: the space under each bed being utilized as a cupboard which is shut in by a low wooden door. In this bed-cupboard each man stores his small possessions overnight, also his clothes. In the casual wards and common lodging-houses the inmate never undresses. There, he sleeps in his clothes, and whatever else he possesses he must hold fast in his hand. Otherwise when morning comes he is apt to regret his trust in his fellow-man.

At the Crispin Street shelter there is a small cubicle at either side of the men's dormitory where a superintendent and his assistant sleep each night to ensure order. But it would seem that *noblesse oblige*, the conduct of the inmates being unusually good. Over some of the bunks I noticed a brass tablet here and there which recorded the names of benefactors who had founded beds in perpetuity. The names thus commemorated were those of Christians and Jews; for the supporters of this shelter recognize the unsectarian character of the work.

On one side of the dormitory a door gave access to a fire-escape—a narrow iron gallery which ran round the outer wall of the refuge and descended into an open courtway below.

Across the courtway was the men's washing-place, which in former days was the ancient synagogue of the quarter, and following along the passage I found myself in the men's living-room. They were then at supper. Before each man was a large bowl of cocoa and a fresh roll of bread. There were a hundred and forty bowls of cocoa—a hundred and forty starving men. Here were all sorts and conditions, for having set out on life's race from widely different points of departure, they all met here. In the shelter there was no distinction, no priority; the University man sat side by side with the artisan; the pedlar and the clerk rubbed elbows; the professional man and the docker drank from similar bowls. They were all destitute, all starving. These were the failures in life. From one cause or another each had gone under. On every face were deep lines of sorrow. But among them, however, were a few who at first

sight looked prosperous. These still hoped for employment and since they realized that no crime damns like poverty, they wore a tweed suit and a clean collar. It was their last stand—their last bid. Ah! it was a pitiable sight: those men who sat silent, with stern, set faces. For each was waiting for the turn of the wheel. But if some were decently clad, others were mere bundles—just skin and bone, covered over with rags. They looked like the playthings of fortune: some were pushed aside as being too feeble; some were broken who ought to have been strong. These were the men on whom Fortune never smiled. And as I looked along the ranks of broken men I found myself repeating the lines of Omar Khâyyâm:

I saw a potter at his work to-day,
Shaping with rudest hand his whirling clay;
Ah! gently, brother, do not treat me thus,
I, too, was once a man, I heard it say.

The potter heeds no silent tongue's appeal,
His hands no tender mercy ever feel,
Though 'tis Feridun's heart, Kaikosru's head,
That whirls in anguish on his rapid wheel.

So wrote the Persian philosopher to whom the mystery of suffering was unknown: "the mystery that lies at the heart of things."

From the men's wing I now returned to the women's quarters. Supper was finished. The women sat at the long tables and worked. Some were making mufflers in parti-coloured wools; others were knitting pairs of mittens. A young girl who sat beside her old mother was busy making crochet lace. I stopped to speak to the latter, and finding the lace was for sale, I bought the two pieces she had finished. The girl looked up trembling with pleasure, and the quick tears gathered in the mother's eyes. At the opposite side of the room I came upon an old woman who was working in silence. She had a drawn, grey face, with sad listless eyes. But on my asking if her work was also for sale they lit up as with a gleam of sunshine. And when she found that the mittens thus purchased were intended to cover her own bare wrists, she found no words in which to express her joy. Further along the bench, a tiny baby lay in its mother's arms. Other children with their heads resting on the table were fast asleep. Poor mites! they had been dragging through the streets all day. I was talking to their mother about them, when looking up, I saw

another woman opposite with a baby in her arms. She had fixed her eyes on me, and now she smiled. She wanted me to notice her little one too. So I made my way round the table and asked how old was her baby. Eight months, she said, and her voice was glad. Yet it was a poor little wizened thing, with starved limbs, and staring eyes. Eight months! But the strength of her love had conquered her fears, and she held out the child in her pride. "He's a fine boy,—God love him!" And she clasped him again to her breast.

It was one of those moments when the pity of human love tugs at one's heart-strings. Then a wrinkled hand was put in mine and a husky voice said, "I saw yer talkin' to it, an'—God forgive me—I did be feelin' jealous of that theer baby." I looked up. It was my old friend the hat-trimmer. She tried to laugh at her own foolishness. But there was no mistaking the heart-hunger that looked out of her eyes. . . .

A bell rang. There was a movement in the living-room. It was only the first bell, but some of the women filed upstairs for night prayers. Attendance at prayers was optional, no one was asked to go. Whoever wished to join them went upstairs at the first bell. So I followed the women up the stone flight of steps.

The women's dormitory was on the same plan as the men's sleeping-room, only here two Sisters of Mercy slept in the opposite cubicles. Sometimes there is a case of sudden illness among the inmates. Then the Sisters are astir at once. Only the night before my visit a baby was taken ill. It was a case of inflammation of the lungs, consequent on exposure in the open streets, and throughout the night the two Sisters tended the wee patient until morning, when mother and child were removed to the infirmary.

The women having now found their own bunks, each knelt down and a sudden hush stole into the dormitory. Then out of the silence came the voice of the Sister, and every now and again the women gave answer. They were just simple, short prayers, such as suited tired folk: a *Pater*, an *Ave*, then came a pause, followed by an act of sorrow; and finally the stricken people prayed that Heaven might be good to all the benefactors of the night refuge. And while the sound of fervent voices rose and fell I glanced down the dormitory. Kneeling in rows were the women and children, sorrow-stricken and laden with cares, the homeless and destitute of the city, the unfortunate, the

erring, and the outcast. And lo! every form was bowed and every head was bent, for each was offering to Heaven the tribute of earth. And while the voices of those women and children filled the air I thought of the *Legend of the Talmud*, wherein the Angel of Glory lends an ear to the whispering of steadfast souls.

. . . Have you read it? the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits
With his feet on the ladder of light
That crowded with angels unnumbered
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

But serene in the rapturous throng
Unmoved by the rush of the song, . . .
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below.

From the spirits on earth that adore
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal
Through the streets of the City immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed. . . .

So the prayers of the homeless poor were gathered up by the Recording Angel. And presently the other inmates of the shelter, who were not of the household of the faith, ascended to the dormitory with tired, lagging feet. They filed past singly or in groups, until every bunk was taken and the dormitory was full. Then every homeless woman and child wrapped herself round in her covering of sheep-skin, and one by one each fell asleep. Whatever the morrow might hold in store, for this night they were safe from temptation, and free from sin. *In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam*, says the night Psalm. And thus they take their rest, under the shadow of His wings.

MAY QUINLAN.

A Paris Centre of Social Activity.

SCARCELY a month passes that some new social problem is not thrust upon the philanthropic worker, some unsuspected danger revealed, some fresh cure for vice or suffering devised. Year by year the field of necessary investigation grows in area, the causes of poverty become more complicated, the possible palliatives more problematic. In social science, as in every other science, there is no standing still, no ultimate attainment, and unless we are prepared to welcome all new schemes with an open mind, assimilating what is best in them whilst guarding against probable drawbacks, we can only do more harm than good to the cause we have at heart. The old-fashioned simple duty of almsgiving to the beggar at our door, incumbent upon every Christian, has been transformed into a difficult selection from among opposing claims, a selection at times so baffling that to conscientious persons no satisfactory solution seems attainable, and they are fain to console themselves with the hope that their generosity has not been positively harmful. At such times one is inclined to sigh for the days when a St. Vincent or a Don Bosco could gather round him the orphan and the homeless without let or hindrance, and when the possession of a barn or empty outhouse was held sufficient justification for the founding of school or refuge, whereas we live in a day when a woman may not take in even two babies to nurse without a certificate from the County Council, and when the opening of a school involves a preliminary expenditure of several thousands of pounds, and the successful circumventing of much departmental red-tape. One by one the approved methods of our forefathers are scientifically tested and found wanting, and social workers see themselves driven out of one defensive position after another by those who find it more easy to criticize than to create. Protest as we may, we have long been compelled to admit the evils of, let us say, a Mansion House Fund, with its tendency to

encourage the very evil it was established to cure. To-day we are being lectured on the fallaciousness of labour colonies and emigration as remedies for distress, on the utter inadequacy of the Poor-Law to cope with pauperism, on the grave drawbacks to trades-unionism. To-morrow altered conditions will bring forth fresh denunciations. Meanwhile, from every side there goes up a cry for fuller knowledge, for facts and figures on which reliance can be placed, for facilities for the comparative study of rival systems. And so we have Royal Commissions and departmental inquiries and select committees, congresses and symposiums and round-table conferences, temporary expedients for the elucidation of problems of the moment, each admirable in its way, but taken altogether adding to the general confusion by their very numbers. A more permanent and sober means of educating the social student is supplied in London by the School of Economics and Political Science presided over by Mr. Sidney Webb. In Paris, on wider and different lines, there is the Musée Sociale.

I never go to Paris, and see something of the workings of French institutions and philanthropic societies, without being filled anew with admiration for French powers of organization, their practical thrifty management, their methodical ways. The nation seems gifted with a natural capacity, usually lacking in ourselves for subordinating individual energy to the controlling power of a central body. It is at least comforting to know that when French social workers visit London—it has occasionally been my pleasant lot to act as cicerone to some of them—they are equally enthusiastic over the splendid results achieved by our personal initiative and freedom of action. That the French should possess in the Musée Sociale a single well-ordered institution through which to approach a problem which we in England can only approach in a dozen different independent ways is therefore quite in keeping with national characteristics. Founded and endowed some twelve years ago by the late Comte de Chambrun, who, stricken with a great sorrow, resolved to devote his fortune to some work of wide public utility, the Musée Sociale has for its avowed aim the collection and diffusion, free of cost to the inquirer, of information of every kind bearing upon any social institution or movement intended to benefit the working-classes. The Musée was to be free from all political or religious bias, to hold no brief for Conservative or Socialist, but to bring within the reach of the serious student the

latest tabulated theories, facts, and statistics on any social subject of contemporary interest. The need for some such permanent organization first made itself felt during the International Exhibition of 1889, when the dispersion of the vast number of classified documents, diagrams, etc., collected for the purposes of the Exhibition appeared to many a national misfortune. A year or two later the generosity of the Comte de Chambrun gave actuality to a scheme which subsequently received official sanction by being *reconnu d'utilité publique* in 1894. The original features consisted simply of a reference library and a correspondence department, and it is round these that there has been developed a wide and elaborate organization, in touch with every important social development both at home and abroad, producing an extensive literature of its own, which has won for the Musée the high estimation in which it is now held.

Suppose an English visitor to Paris wishing to acquaint himself with, let us say, the statutes of mixed syndicates, the development of co-operative insurance among the French peasantry, or even with some foreign problem such as the temperance organization of the United States or the working of Old Age Pensions in any part of the world, our Englishman would, if he were wise, avoid the venerable *Bibliothèque Nationale* with its red-tape rules and inadequate catalogue, and make his way across the Seine to the Rue Las Cases, a quiet little street within a stone's throw of Ste. Clotilde, and just behind that Rue St. Dominique, that to many of us enshrines the memory of Mme. Swetchine. Here, entering the *porte-cochère* of a typical Paris mansion of goodly size, he passes up a wide staircase to the first floor, states his wants and credentials to a clerk at the entrance, and in a remarkably short space of time will find himself in touch with whatever specialized knowledge he may stand in need of. Two catalogues, the one of authors' names, the other of subjects, permit of the rapid identification of any volume required, while an elaborate system of lettered *dossiers* arranged in *cartons*, or cardboard-boxes, gives the clue to pamphlets, review articles and newspaper-cuttings on a vast number of tabulated subjects. Two spacious rooms serve the purposes of the library, the one, supplied with all important French and foreign periodicals as general reading-room, the other, its walls lined with standard works and books of reference as work-room for students. On the second floor is a large

committee-room for the use of the Board of Management ; several small *cabinets de travail* are allotted to the librarian and other officials, and for the rest from cellar to garret the building is stuffed with books and *cartons* in ever-increasing numbers. Indeed, the over-crowding has now become so inconvenient that the directors are about to spend £4,000 in adding a new top-story which will afford the necessary cubic space for some years to come.

In order that the officials of the Musée may be in a position to supply any information demanded of them, a somewhat complicated organization is necessary. Putting aside the imposing lists of Presidents and Honorary Members, we find that an executive committee of seven, meeting once a week, directs the business of the institution. Each member of the executive acts as chairman of one of the seven sections between which the work of collecting and tabulating information is apportioned. These sections deal respectively with :

1. Social questions.
2. Agriculture.
3. Co-operative Societies.
4. Insurance and Mutual Aid Societies.
5. Legal opinions.
6. Trades' unions and other industrial organizations.
7. Special Commissions and Inquiries.

Each section has its paid official at the Musée, and a long list of correspondents in Paris and the provinces, men for the most part of distinction in their various professions who give their services freely when called upon for the public good. The actual administrative and clerical work of the institution is performed by a small staff of officials, including a director, assistant-director, librarian, archivist, secretary, &c., all acting under the general supervision of the executive committee.

In order to convey some impression of the ground covered by the various sections, it may be as well to describe in detail the work of one and take it as typical of all. The agricultural section, of which the Comte de Rocquigny is the head, is in touch with everything that is done both at home and abroad for the improvement of agriculture and the benefit of the peasant population. While on the one hand it receives reports from all the agricultural societies, it distributes information to a vast number of inquirers, whether economists and deputies, farmers or peasants. For this purpose it files innumerable

reports, statutes of societies, newspaper cuttings, &c., constituting carefully tabulated *dossiers* on every branch of agricultural science. It sends representatives to all agricultural congresses; it helps to establish syndicates; it gives technical advice on the starting of co-operative associations; it provides lecturers on agricultural topics; it acts as friendly umpire in cases of dispute, and it has organized a number of special commissions to report on such questions as rural credit, co-operative bakeries, &c. M. de Rocquigny's duties as special commissioner carry him not only all over France, but frequently beyond her frontiers.

On the whole it may be said that the Musée representatives are much-travelled folk. Besides attendance at congresses of every description, should any public event, such as a strike, call for a special investigation, a commissioner is despatched forthwith, with instructions to collect all literature bearing upon the situation, and himself to draw up an impartial summary of all the circumstances. Commissioners have also been sent out to inquire into the condition of various industries that have been the subject of controversy or of special legislation. During the lifetime of the Comte de Chambrun no expense was allowed to stand in the way of the acquisition at first-hand of useful information, and investigators have penetrated as far as the United States, South Africa, and Australia. To-day such expensive tours are no longer feasible, but arrangements are entered into with travellers for special reports as the need arises.

It is obvious that much of this elaborately acquired information would be unavailable for the general public unless supplied in printed form, and so it has come about that the publishing department is one of the most important of the Musée's many activities. There is not only the monthly *Annales*, with its official chronicle of work and progress, but also a monthly issue of *Mémoires et Documents*, each one dealing with some particular problem of the moment. Then there are *Tracts de Propagande*, more popular little pamphlets, giving practical information in a cheap and handy form, and finally there are the solid volumes, the outcome, for the most part, of the special investigations undertaken for the Musée. The subjects dealt with under these various headings will be seen to cover the whole field of contemporary, social, and industrial activity, and the publications in themselves constitute

a valuable library for the social student. Among the volumes interesting to English readers may be mentioned several on Trades' Unionism in England, and others on Garden-cities, on Newfoundland cod-fisheries, sweating in Whitechapel, the American Knights of Labour, and the Agrarian problem in Australia.

The post of librarian to such an institution is clearly no sinecure, and much of the practical utility of the Musée is due to the courteous energies of M. Martin Saint-Leon. It falls to him to look through all French and foreign magazines and newspapers and decide what is to be filed in the *dossiers* for future reference. By this method the enormous absorption of space to which our own British Museum Library is condemned by the necessity of filing daily papers in their entirety is avoided, and, needless to say, the task of the student is immeasurably simplified. The number of volumes in the library, some 20,000, is not large, and it is really to its admirably classified collection of pamphlets, leaflets and newspaper cuttings, inaccessible elsewhere, that its popularity is due. It is not surprising to find that from 4,000 to 5,000 readers visit the reading-rooms every year, whilst many hundreds more make their inquiries by letter.

One other most excellent feature of the Musée must be recorded, the fine lecture hall that has been erected at the rear of the premises. This enables the executive committee not only to organize lectures on social subjects, or, as often happens, on the results of some special investigation of their own, but to confer a substantial benefit on other associations by lending the hall free of charge for meetings and lectures given for the public benefit. As a result, a number of societies have their permanent meeting-place in the Rue Las Cases, while others owe their very existence in no small measure to the encouragement bestowed upon them by the Musée in the early days of their inception.

It is by becoming familiar with the work of an institution such as the Musée Sociale that one begins to appreciate the forces by the help of which the thrifty, methodical French people build up bit by bit their solid, unobtrusive wealth. To be in a position to profit by the most advanced knowledge of the day is one of the first conditions of national progress, and here is an institution eager to supply any rural inquirer with the latest conclusions of social science, any village association

with the most approved rules for starting a co-operative bakery, any country *curé* with the most successful methods of insuring cattle or developing mutual aid societies. It is easy to see how important a part such an organization may play in the prosperity of the country, and one asks oneself wistfully to what organization our own villagers and working men can turn with the same certainty of receiving the precise information they require. For myself, what attracted me most on my various visits to the Rue Las Cases was the sense that one had, in the Musée, a really broad-minded, unprejudiced organization, working on a friendly basis alike with Catholics and Socialists. It was Catholic philanthropic workers who first drew my attention to its existence, and I was given to understand that not a few of the staff are in personal relations with avowedly Catholic organizations, but none the less the Musée enjoys the confidence of men of every shade of belief. At a time when the whole of France tends to divide itself into two hostile camps, clerical and anti-clerical, a tendency which recent unhappy events must have done much to intensify and perpetuate, it is consoling to come across even one organization which in the cause of humanity and progress supplies a peaceful rallying-ground for men of all parties.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

The English Pope and his Irish Bull.

I.

THE question as to the authenticity of Pope Adrian's grant of Ireland to Henry II. has of late years attracted an extraordinary amount of attention. Although it is now admitted that the practical importance of the letter—it is only in the loosest and most inaccurate acceptance of the word that it can be called a "Bull"—has been greatly exaggerated, there has been no apparent diminution of interest in the discussion of the problems to which it gives rise. Mr. Gladstone was of opinion that the document had "vitiated at the fountain-head the relations between English and Irish," and that it was consequently responsible for all the misunderstandings which centuries have not been able to heal.¹ He would not have expressed himself so strongly, we fancy, if he had studied the history of the times for himself, and had discovered how strangely little use had ever been made of Adrian's much-debated privilege. The earliest certainly authentic Papal document dealing with the Irish Church at this period does in fact contain all that the English Pope's grant was popularly supposed to contain. It commends the invasion of Ireland as a work of piety and missionary zeal to be undertaken by Henry for the expiation of his sins, it expresses the conviction of the writer, Pope Alexander III., an Italian, that it was only by submitting to English rule that the Irish people could hope to find a respite from their ceaseless internal dissensions, and it testifies to the willing acceptance of Henry's sovereignty by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled in

¹ "It is a question with me," he wrote to the *Times* in 1886, "whether as an abnormal and arbitrary proceeding, it (the Bull) did not vitiate, at the fountain-head, the relations between English and Irish, and whether it has not been possibly the source of all the perversions by which that relation has been marked. . . . In Ireland the English fought with an unfair advantage in their hands; they had a kind of pseudo-religious mission, a mission with religious sanctions but temporal motives. I do not see how this could work well." (*The Times*, February 8th, 1886, p. 8, quoted by Mr. Round, *The Commune of London*, 1899.)

council. Moreover, it was upon the report of the Papal Legate and of these very Archbishops, of whom St. Lawrence O'Toole was one, that the Pontiff goes on to paint as black a picture of the moral and religious condition of the country as anything which is to be found in the pages of Giraldus Cambrensis.¹ Taking it all in all, there is much less to offend Irish susceptibilities in Adrian's contested "Bull" of 1155 than there is in the indisputably authentic series of documents issued by his successor seventeen years later.

However, the public at large being but imperfectly acquainted with these facts, the battle still rages over the genuineness of the so-called "Bull" *Laudabiliter*, patriotic and religious motives largely reinforcing the argument on either side. The editor of the latest contribution to the controversy, a small but closely printed volume of two hundred pages,² now before us, is at no pains to disguise the fact that he has been led to undertake this little work from love of his country and loyalty to the Holy See. We have the deepest respect for the writer's purpose, but, speaking in the interest of serious history, we confess that we think that M. l'Abbé Chaillot's essays had far better have been left in oblivion. The book is a translation of two very long articles by this writer which appeared twenty-five years ago in the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*. It is true that M. Chaillot's work was warmly eulogized at the time by Abbot Gasquet, who in an article in the *Dublin Review* (July, 1883), summarized its arguments and adopted its conclusions, but we should be curious to know how far Abbot Gasquet would now be prepared to defend his former utterances. Cardinal Moran, though thoroughly convinced of the spuriousness of Adrian's grant, has sent to the editor of this translation a very qualified commendation of M. Chaillot's work. The translator, with admirable frankness and not a little *naïveté*, prints the letter in his Preface. "As regards the French essay in the *Analecta*," writes the Cardinal, "I fear that it rests on an unsound foundation, perhaps I should say on a false assumption.

¹ See the Letters of Alexander III., September 20th, 1172. They are printed in Rymer's *Foedera* and in Migne, *P. L.* 200, pp. 883—886.

² *Pope Adrian IV. a Friend of Ireland*. From the French articles of M. Chaillot in the *Analecta Juris Pontificii*. Translated and edited by the Rev. W. M'Loughlin, Mount Melleray Abbey. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, 1906. The most valuable part of this little book is the article by Cardinal Moran, originally published in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* (1872), and now brought up to date by its author in Australia. This is printed as an Appendix.

Still there are some useful remarks in it."¹ So Mr. J. H. Round, though equally convinced of the spuriousness of Adrian's famous letter, has recently described the theory of M. Chaillot as "preposterous;" nor are we aware, indeed, that, with the exception already named, the French writer's solution has found a single supporter among the many students who have written on this subject during the last twenty-five years.² But to criticize the details here would take us too far afield.

Be it said, then, that while regretting the pains that must have been spent upon the translating and annotating of this exploded hypothesis, we are none the less grateful to the editor for having induced us to refresh our memory of the controversy by a perusal of the recent literature, represented especially by Pflugk-Harttung, Scheffer Boichorst, Round, and Thatcher. The study has led us to conclusions which differ in some respects from those of any of the critics named; and it seems that it may perhaps be worth while to indicate them here. We may begin with those elements in the discussion which seem to afford a firmer foothold.

I. There is a brief but very important statement in the Chronicle of Robert de Torigni, otherwise known as Robert de Monte, which lets us know that the project of conquering Ireland had taken tangible shape in Henry II's mind as early as 1155, within a year of his accession to the throne.

¹ It may be well, perhaps, to explain briefly the nature of the "assumption" here referred to. Among the extant letters of Adrian IV. is one directed to King Louis of France in 1159, and beginning *Satis laudabiliter et fructuose*. Its first sentences closely resemble those of Adrian's Irish Bull, and the purport of the document is to restrain King Louis from undertaking, in conjunction with King Henry of England, the invasion of a kingdom which in our sole copy of the document is indicated only by the initial letter H. Now H. has always been supposed to stand for Hispania (Spain), and the political circumstances of the time, as well as the wording of the letter, strongly support this conclusion. But M. Chaillot believes the document to refer to a projected invasion of Ireland (*Hibernia*) to be carried out jointly by Henry and Louis. The Pope, as the extant letter to Louis shows, wrote in strong disapproval of any such expedition. Then, according to M. Chaillot, Henry being greatly chagrined at this unfavourable answer, used the copy of the letter sent to him to fabricate a document of an exactly contrary purport but with the same opening sentences. This is the history of the famous grant of Ireland, *Laudabiliter*, which was produced some years afterwards to justify Henry's action when he had already invaded the country by his deputies and partially conquered it.

² I refer particularly to the articles of Scheffer Boichorst, Pflugk-Harttung, and Thatcher, all of whom believe Adrian's Bull to be spurious, but who are strongly opposed to the extravagant hypothesis of Chaillot.

About the feast of St. Michael [says the chronicler¹], Henry, the King of England, in a council held at Winchester, dealt with his magnates about the conquest of the kingdom of Ireland and about giving it to his brother William. But as this project was opposed by his mother the Empress, the expedition was for the present abandoned.

This fragment of information is extremely valuable from the support it lends to the evidence of John of Salisbury shortly to be considered.

II. Wendover and Matthew Paris state under the same year, 1155, that Henry sent a formal embassy to Rome to obtain the Pope's sanction for the invasion of Ireland.² Moreover the *Gesta Abbatum S. Albani* lets us know that these envoys were the Bishops of Le Mans, Lisieux, and Evreux, together with the Abbot of St. Alban's, and that they started on October 9th. In this last chronicle³ the business on which they were sent is stated to have been a matter of some difficulty, but its exact nature is not specified. We learn from the same source that the envoys had to journey on to Benevento to find the Pope, whence they returned well satisfied with the success of their mission. Let us add that the presence of these envoys in Benevento in the early months of 1156 is established independently, by allusions in extant Papal documents.

It will be observed that all this forms a very consistent story. Henry, while still hot about his schème of conquest, despatches his ambassadors to Rome without delay, but afterwards, owing to the opposition of the Empress, the realization of the project is indefinitely postponed. The envoys, who by this time no doubt had travelled too far to be recalled, carry out their instructions, but find on their return that the project had been dropped. The trace which the incident has left in the records of that age is consequently, as was to be expected, very slight.

III. There has however been preserved to us, as it were by accident, a valuable account of the obtaining of the *privilegium* from Adrian IV., which while obviously independent of the St. Alban's evidence, and indeed in some sense running counter

¹ "Circa festum S. Michaelis Henricus, rex Anglorum, habito concilio apud Wincestre, de conquirendo regno Hiberniae et Gulielmo fratri suo dando cum optimatibus suis tractavit. Quod quia matri eius imperatrici non placuit, intermissa est ad tempus illa expeditio." (R. de Torigni (Rolls Series), p. 186.)

² Wendover, i. p. 11; Paris, *Historia Major*, ii p. 210; *Historia Minor*, i. p. 304.

³ *Gesta Abbatum*, i. 126: "quaedam ardua negotia regalia."

to it,¹ must claim the most careful attention. In the last chapter of the *Metalogicus*, a philosophical work by the famous John of Salisbury, the author takes leave of his readers and deplors the melancholy tidings lately brought to England, which he declares have filled him with sorrow and robbed him of all heart for further writing.

"But I have said enough [he tells us]. At this moment weeping is more in place than writing, and I learn by sensible experience that the whole world is subject to vanity. We have hoped for peace, and lo! trouble and tempest burst on Toulouse, and everywhere rouse the English and the French; and Kings, whom we have seen united, pursue each other without a moment's intermission. Moreover, the death of the Lord Pope Adrian, which has alarmed all the peoples of Christendom, has caused still greater grief in our England, of which he was a native, and evoked more abundant tears. 'Good people deplore this loss, but no one should lament it more than I.' In fact, although he had his mother and a half-brother, he loved me more than either. He declared, in public as well as in private, that he had a greater affection for me than for any other person in the world. He had formed such an opinion of me that he was delighted to open his heart and conscience to me, as often as opportunity offered. Though Roman Pontiff, he was pleased to have me as guest at his table; in spite of my reluctance, he required that one plate and one cup should be in common between us. At my request he ceded and bestowed Ireland upon the illustrious King of England, Henry II., to be possessed by hereditary right, as his letters prove to this day. For all islands, in virtue of a very ancient law, are considered to belong to the Roman Church, through a donation of Constantine, who founded and endowed this Church. Moreover, Pope Adrian sent by me a gold ring,² adorned with a most beautiful emerald, by which investiture with the right of governing Ireland should be made; and this ring is still preserved by order in the public treasury. I should never be done if I were to relate all the virtues of this illustrious Pontiff. But that which pierces all hearts most is the schism, which, in punishment of our sins, afflicts the Church, so great a Pontiff having been taken away, . . . Independently of the public sorrow, I feel an inward sorrow which is no less. For my father and Lord, who is also yours, the venerable

¹ Matthew Paris and the St. Alban's books leave the impression that the grant of Ireland resulted from the negotiations of the envoys. John of Salisbury says it was obtained by his personal intercession with the Pope. But after all, these statements are not contradictory; the envoys may have used the aid of John, and John may have worked with them to secure the success of their mission.

² "Per me transmisit." It is not clear that this implies that John was to carry the ring to England. John may have been told to give it to one of the ambassadors: "He forwarded it through me."

Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, has fallen sick, and what will be the course of the illness is uncertain. No longer able to attend to affairs, he has laid on me a hard duty and an insupportable burden, the care of all the ecclesiastics. My spirit everywhere finds pain, and the tortures that I endure I am unable to express. The only recourse left for me is to pray to the Man-God, the Son of the Immaculate Virgin, etc."¹

The chapter, the Latin original of which we have reproduced entire at the foot of the page, concludes with an earnest request for the prayers of the reader.

¹ "Sed haec hactenus. Jam enim flere magis vacat, quam scribere: et visibili argumento doceor quod mundus totus subiacet vanitati. *Expectavimus enim pacem, et ecce turbatio et tempestas ingruens* Tolosanis, Anglos et Gallos undique concitat, et reges, quos amicissimos vidimus, se insatiabiliter persequuntur. Ad haec, mors domni Adriani summi pontificis, cum omnes christianae religionis populos nationesque turbaverit, Angliam nostram, unde fuerat oriundus, acerbiori dolore commovit, irrigavitque lacrimis profusioribus. *Omnibus ille bonis flebilis occidit, sed nulli flebilior, quam mihi.* Cum enim matrem haberet et fratrem uterinum: me, quam illos, actiori diligebat affectu. Fatebatur etiam publice et secreto, quia me prae omnibus mortalibus diligebat. Eam de me conceperat opinionem, ut quoties opportunitas aderat, conscientiam suam in conspectu meo effundere laetaretur. Et cum romanus pontifex esset, me in propria mensa gaudebat habere convivam; et eundem scyphum et discum, sibi et mihi volebat, et faciebat, me renitente, esse communem. Ad preces meas illustri regi Anglorum, Henrico secundo, concessit et dedit Hiberniam jure haereditario possidendam, sicut litterae ipsius testantur in hodiernum diem. Nam omnes insulae, de jure antiquo, ex donatione Constantini, qui eam fundavit et dotavit, dicuntur ad Romanam Ecclesiam pertinere. Annulum quoque per me transmisit aureum, smaragdo optimo decoratum, quo fieret investitura juris in regenda Hibernia: idemque adhuc annulus in cimil archio publico jussus est custodiri. Si virtutes ejus percurrere velim, in magni voluminis librum, haec una excrescet materia. Omnium vero mentes magis exulcerat scissura Ecclesiae, quae exigentibus culpis nostris, contigit tanto patre sublato. *Expetivit eam Satanias, ut cribraret sicut triticum,* et undique alterius Judae proditoris ministerio, amaritudines et scandala spargit. Oriuntur bella plusquam civilia; sacerdotalia enim sunt et fraterna. Nunc judicium est mundi, et timendum ne partem stellarum secum involvat ambitiosi ruina proditoris. *Vae autem illi, per quem hoc scandalum venit.* (Matth. xviii.) Et plane melius erat, si natus non fuisset. Publici doloris expono causas: cum tamen aliunde familiarius dolore torqueat, tum non leviori, quod ad me spectat. Siquidem Pater meus, et dominus, imo et tuus, venerabilis Theobaldus, Cantuariensis archiepiscopus in aegritudinem incidit: ut incertum sit, quid sperare, quid timere oporteat. Negotiis more solito superesse non potest: injunxitque mihi provinciam duram, et importabile onus imposuit, omnium ecclesiasticorum sollicitudinem. Anxiatur ergo undique in me spiritus meus, et cruciatus quos patior, non sufficio enarrare. Sed in his omnibus, unicum mihi consilium superest, Deum hominem, intemeratae Virginis Filium, exorare: qui velut in navi dormiens, fidelium precibus excitandus est, ut procellam componat naufragantis Ecclesiae, et dominum meum, sicut sibi et nobis expedire prenovit, ab omni infirmitate mentis et corporis, clementer eripiat. Is, inquam, per quem *reges regnant, et principes dominantur* (Prov. viii.), universali Ecclesiae idoneum et placitum sibi pastorem praeficiat, et reges et principes nostros ab omni adversitate defendat; eosque faciat, ad honorem et gloriam nominis sui, gregem sibi servare commissum. Lectorem quoque et

We have quoted from this chapter at what may seem excessive length in order not to shirk the difficulties which some might find in the details of John's familiarity with his distinguished patron. Can we trust the information which this passage contains? Its importance must be evident at a glance, for as Adrian IV. died in 1159, it must have been written less than four years after the Papal grant of Ireland was originally made. To discuss every point that might seem to call for comment would be impossible within reasonable limits, but we may say that after very careful examination, we are convinced with Scheffer Boichorst, Thatcher, Liebermann, and almost every recent authority of weight, that the account just quoted is absolutely trustworthy.

It must be plain that if we do not accept the truth of this story, only two alternatives present themselves—interpolation or deliberate falsehood. A man like John of Salisbury, then in the vigour of his powers, could not possibly have forgotten what had happened only four years before. He could not have dreamed these things and persuaded himself they were true.

But, to deal first with the alternative of falsehood, this is a supposition which hardly any one, even of those who reject Adrian's grant, has ventured to adopt. The reputation for integrity enjoyed by John of Salisbury stands very high. He was to the last the loyal friend of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and he shared his misfortunes even though at times he disagreed with his policy. He may, like many other upright men, have not been free from vanity, as the extract above cited sufficiently shows, and he was probably prone to exaggerate his own part in what was taking place around him, but everything in the vast collection of his letters, as well as in the recorded facts of his life, proves him to have been deeply religious and sincere. The account which may be read of him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, or in the *Lectures* of Bishop Stubbs, is in every way a worthy record, and the author of the former article quotes with approval the entry in the *Necrology of Chartres*, of which see John was Bishop during the last four years of his life.

auditoem, supplicatione pia convenio, quatenus apud Filium Virginis, qui *viva, veritas est, et vita* (Joan. xiv.), pro me, vano et misero, intercedat, ut errore, ignorantiae tenebris, et vanitatis amore depulso, cognitionis suae lumen infundat, faciatque me officiosum veritatis inquisitorem, amatorem pariter et cultorem.²⁹

He was a man illumined by the rays of much religion and profound knowledge, a pastor endeared to all by word, by work, and by conduct, to himself alone cruel, his flesh being kept in subjection by a perpetual hair-shirt, which covered him from head to foot.¹

So much for the falsehood theory, though one might add much as to lack of adequate motive for choosing an abstruse philosophical work² for the purpose of falsifying history had John himself been base enough to lend his support to the King's supposed plot.

On the other hand, the hypothesis of an interpolation in the manuscripts is, if possible, even more incredible than the other. For, first, now that the authenticity of this chapter, the last in the book, has been called in question, Dr. F. Liebermann has examined all the manuscripts of the *Metalogicus* which were accessible to him. The manuscripts are few in number, but of these one is of the twelfth century, and two of the thirteenth. None of them omit or curtail the disputed chapter, or show any sign of being tampered with. Now this fact alone, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, is almost conclusive against the idea of interpolation. Upon no theory can the *Metalogicus* have been written later than 1165, even if the last chapter be a forgery. But John of Salisbury did not die until 1180, and surely the work cannot have been extensively tampered with in the author's lifetime. None the less Giraldus is supposed to quote from the disputed chapter in 1188, and we still possess a manuscript containing it which may be even earlier. There must have been copies made under the author's eye; why should these and all the derivatives from them have disappeared and only the interpolated version be preserved to us?

One rather important point has never, we think, been noticed.

¹ It is curious to note that Lynch, in his *Cambrensis Eversus* (ii. 456), proves that this chapter of the *Metalogicus* must be an interpolation precisely because John of Salisbury was far too good a man to have written it: "John of Salisbury," he declares, "intrepidly denounced crime wherever it appeared, and would never have sullied his fair fame by concocting so dire a conspiracy against a populous nation." Again, the new edition of the Protestant *Real-Encyclopädie* (Edit. Hauck), speaks as strongly of John of Salisbury's high moral character as any English writer has ever done.

² The relative popularity of mediæval treatises may very fairly be gauged by the number of extant copies. It would probably be no exaggeration to say that ten manuscripts of the *Polycraticus* of John of Salisbury are in existence for each one that can be found of the *Metalogicus*. In looking through a number of catalogues of French libraries we have met with more than a score of copies of the *Polycraticus* without discovering a single one of the *Metalogicus*.

It is John of Salisbury's custom, at the conclusion of all his longer compositions, not to take leave of his readers without previously asking their prayers. This may be remarked in the *Polycraticus*, in the *Life of St. Anselm*, and even in the verse treatise, called *Eutheticus*. If the disputed Chapter XLII. really belongs to the *Metalogicus*, we find this rule duly observed in a passage which closely corresponds in substance, though not in wording, to the concluding sentences of the *Polycraticus*. If, however, as contended by the impugnors of Adrian's "Bull," the *Metalogicus* ended originally with Chapter XLI., we have no such request for prayers and no salutation to the reader of any kind. This is surely a point which tells strongly in favour of our existing text.

Further, John of Salisbury was one of the greatest, if not the greatest scholar of his age. Few writers of that generation would have been capable of imitating his style, and yet the Latin of this suspected chapter is most characteristically his. There are two quotations from pagan authors, one from Horace and one from Lucan, and seven or eight from Holy Scripture, woven in the most natural way into the substance of his narrative. The whole runs easily and without jar of any kind. Indeed, those who declare it to be an interpolation find it easiest to suppose that the whole chapter was added as it stands. If any part of the chapter be rejected, the whole will have to be rejected. Moreover, there is a complication which would almost certainly have betrayed the existence of some attempt to tamper with the text if anything so extensive had been practised as the addition of a new section. A list of the headings of the chapters is prefixed to each book. The forty-second and last has its own quite appropriate title: *Quod visibilia argumenta mundum vanitati subjectum esse convincunt et quae causa fuerit hic finiendi librum*.¹ Now this title would be meaningless if we remove the references to the hostilities at Toulouse, the death of Adrian, and the illness of Theobald. John clearly indicates that his peace of mind had been so much upset that he cannot write more. But, the heading of this last chapter appears in its proper place in the table of contents, as I have satisfied myself by an inspection of the two copies at the British Museum, one a manuscript of the twelfth, the other of the thirteenth century.

¹ "That the examples before our eyes show that the world is vain and empty, and what the author's reason was for here making an end of his book."

Again, it must be admitted that the political situation described in this last chapter exactly fits in with all we know of the closing months of the year 1159, after the death of Pope Adrian. And yet this would have been a point extremely difficult for a mediæval writer to secure twenty years after the event, not to speak of the audacity of the personal touches in the description of the relations between John of Salisbury and the English Pontiff. As Mr. Thatcher very well says:

Then, too, the reference to the war between Louis VII. and Henry II., who were then facing each other before Toulouse, fits into the facts perfectly. For the English King was engaged in hostilities there from June 25th, 1159, to November 1st of the same year. And Adrian died on September 1st. The news of his death reached John just as he was completing the *Metalogicus*, certainly towards the end of September or early in October, and John penned this passage before he learned of the establishment of peace between the two Kings, which took place on November 1st. Such casual agreement with historical facts seems to me decisive. To have produced such harmony in the details would imply a degree of skill and cleverness that is otherwise lacking in mediæval forgers.¹

It is perhaps only fair to quote the other side. So we may borrow a passage from Abbot Gasquet, who is here echoing M. Chaillot:

It is undeniable that the forty-second chapter of the work has absolutely nothing to do with the rest, which had for its object the defence of the study of logic and metaphysics. The forty-first chapter finishes this subject in a natural and Christian manner by a quotation from the Book of Wisdom, and it is a strange contrast in the next chapter to come upon a lament over the siege of Toulouse and the evils likely to arise out of the quarrel of two kings, oddly mixed up with records of a most unlikely familiarity existing between himself (Salisbury) and Pope Adrian. . . . The whole chapter is thus so strange in itself, so different in style from the other writings of John of Salisbury, and so oddly tacked on to a work on philosophy that it is highly probable it is not his work at all.²

To this Miss Norgate replies.

None of John's biographers have seen in this passage anything strange or suspicious or unlike John.³ . . . Nay, the very suddenness

¹ Thatcher, *Studies on Pope Adrian IV.*, in Chicago University Decennial Publications, Series I. vol. 4.

² Gasquet, in *Dublin Review*, July, 1883, p. 89.

³ This is true not only of John's biographers, who must necessarily have acquainted themselves intimately with his writings, but also of a number of other continental scholars of the first rank, many of whom believe Adrian's Bull a forgery.

of the transition in this chapter from abstract philosophy to actual life, its pathetic lament over the troubles of Church and State, its tender personal reminiscences . . . all this appears to some readers eminently characteristic of John; and so far from admitting a difference of style they are bold to ask who, save John himself, was ever capable of forging such an exact imitation of his peculiarly graceful diction and his unrivalled Latinity?¹

Moreover, it is extremely hard to understand what end the interpolator could have expected to serve by tacking on such a chapter at the close of an abstruse and lengthy work on philosophy, many copies of which must already have been in circulation. If forgery were needed, surely a fictitious letter sent about as an original of John of Salisbury's, would have been an infinitely simpler plan, have reached further, and have been attended with much less risk of detection. As we have already said, the interpolation could hardly have been made before the death of the author, or could only have been made by stealth, and in that case what purpose would it serve? The idea of the fraud, as we conceive, was to justify the claim of the King of England not only to invade Ireland, but to hand on the dominion to his successors. But to justify it with whom? Whom was it proposed to hoodwink? Not surely the Pope, or the Cardinals; still less the yet unsubdued leaders of the Irish. And at what period was this mysterious interpolation of the *Metalogicus* undertaken, undertaken also in so thorough a way that not a copy now survives which fails to contain the added chapter? At the end of the year 1172, as already stated, not only had the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland done homage to Henry at the Council of Cashel, but that monarch had in his hands an unquestionably authentic letter from the reigning Pope authorizing him to enter Ireland, and exhorting the Bishops and all others to render him submission. Even though there was no explicit mention in this document of hereditary sovereignty, we fail to see how Henry's claim would have been practically strengthened by any reference to John of Salisbury. Moreover, at that date and for some years afterwards he was still living as Bishop of Chartres. Surely we are right in thinking that—for one who had the support of the reigning Pope—the need of appealing to a grant made a quarter of a century earlier became every year less apparent.

¹ Miss Norgate, in the *English Historical Review*, January, 1893, p. 28.

And now what are the difficulties raised against the authenticity of this passage of the *Metalogicus*? It is urged first, that such intimate relations as those described between a Pope and a simple scholar are impossible or at least highly unlikely. We reply that when some small margin of allowance has been made for possible exaggeration, it is hard to see that there is anything in the account which is really improbable. It must be remembered that the Pope at this time was an exile from his own city—flying for his life, we might almost say, before an unruly faction, who stuck at nothing in the shape of bloodshed or violence. Again, the Pope was a solitary Englishman among foreigners; a sovereign with the cares of office weighing heavily upon him, and with no other friend to whom he could turn in full confidence of sympathy. Surely there is nothing unnatural in his making a confidant of a man of high character like John of Salisbury, and in his delighting in the opportunity of making his confession, as the writer's language seems to imply, or at least of talking at his ease in his native tongue. There is certainly no sufficient reason in all this to suspect the hand of a forger.

Secondly, the spuriousness of the passage is said to be shown by the irrelevance of these personal reminiscences, introduced as they are, in the midst of a treatise on philosophy. This is a point on which it cannot be necessary to linger. Such a digression deserves rather to be called a trait most characteristic of the author's ordinary practice. An exactly similar disquisition upon personal topics may be found in the introductory chapter of the third book of the *Metalogicus* itself; and the *Polycraticus* is largely made up of a series of such digressions from the theme ostensibly under consideration.

Thirdly, the objection has been raised that John of Salisbury nowhere else alludes to his own share in the negotiations at Benevento, and especially that he is silent about the grant of Ireland in a passage of the *Polycraticus*, where he speaks again of his familiar intercourse in Apulia with the exiled Pontiff. In reply, we can only invite the reader to examine for himself the chapter of the *Polycraticus* here indicated. Any mention of the Irish question would have broken the thread of the quite different line of thought which he is there pursuing. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that when John of Salisbury wrote these two works and the vast majority of his letters, the Irish "Bull" was a dead letter and a matter of no general interest.

The whole project had been shelved in 1156 until it was suddenly revived by Strongbow's expedition twelve years later.

With regard to the wording of the passage, almost the only phrase which has been appealed to as suggestive of interpolation is the statement that Pope Adrian's letter testifies to the grant "to the present time" (*in hodiernum diem*). No doubt this at first sight might seem to convey that a longer interval than four years had elapsed since the grant was made, but the words are probably only to be treated as a scrap of that scriptural phraseology into which John of Salisbury so constantly falls. In the Vulgate these terms are more than once used where no great lapse of time was possible,¹ and the omission of the *usque* in the *Metalogicus* seems to be deliberate, and to indicate that the writer wished to tone down the phrase for fear it should convey a false suggestion.

Again, it has been denied by Hergenröther and others that the Popes at this period ever availed themselves of the spurious donation of Constantine to claim sovereign rights over islands. The researches of Scheffer Boichorst have made it clear that this view cannot be maintained. To take one example, an unquestionably genuine Bull of Urban II., dated June 28th, 1091, declares that :

Since all islands according to the prescription of the law are held to be public property, it is clear that these also have been assigned by the generosity and grant of the religious Emperor Constantine to be the special right of blessed Peter and his Vicars.²

There is then, we consider, absolutely no shred of valid reason for treating the last chapter of John of Salisbury's *Metalogicus* as a later interpolation. The whole science of historical investigation would be at an end if every scholar were free to cry "interpolation" whenever he is confronted by a statement in ancient authorities which runs counter to his preconceived theories. The habit of everywhere seeing forgers at work is one which, if encouraged, grows with disastrous rapidity into an *idée fixe*, and it is curiously illustrated in the notes to the same little volume which has occasioned this article. M. Chaillot chances to remark, *à propos* of Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's reign, that

the Popes often sent pecuniary aid and sometimes military help, and exhorted the Irish to shake off the English yoke. . . . These exhorta-

¹ See, e.g., Acts xxvi. 22 and xxiii. 1 ; "usque in hodiernum diem."

² See Scheffer Boichorst, *Kirchengeschichtliche Forschungen*, vol. i. p. 139.

tions [he continues] had considerable influence on many persons, but the majority of the two races continued faithful to Elizabeth ;

for which he appeals in a general way to Lingard's *History of England*, c. vi. (*lege* c. iv.) No doubt this implies more than Lingard actually says, but it is clear that the writer must be alluding to Lingard's statement regarding Fitzmaurice, who came to invade Ireland in 1579 with a Papal Commission and a handful of Spanish troops.

He trusted [says Lingard] to the popularity of his name, the resources of his family, and the influence of a Bull which granted to his followers all the privileges usually enjoyed by crusaders. His hopes, however, were disappointed ; the Irish, taught by preceding failures, listened with coldness to his solicitations.

Clearly the French writer has generalized and overstated Lingard's assertion, which applies only to this particular case. But the editor of our little volume at once suspects foul play.

This last remark [he says in a note] attributed to Dr. Lingard, appears to be an interpolation. I have searched through two editions of his *History*, and found nothing like it. . . . It is possible that a French edition may have been tampered with.¹

We protest, then, strongly, in the name alike of scientific procedure and common sense, against any suggestion of interpolation in this most characteristic passage of John of Salisbury. And the statement made by that conscientious writer only four years after the event is clear and definite. He may slightly have exaggerated the purport of the concession and the importance of his own share in the procuring of it. Again, his memory of the exact provisions of a document read four years before may have grown a little confused. But in the fact that there was a ring sent and a letter drafted approving Henry's project for the invasion of Ireland, John of Salisbury cannot have been mistaken. The only really debatable question, as it seems to us, is whether the *litterae* of which he speaks were identical with the famous document known to us as the "Bull" *Laudabiliter*. But this point must stand over for discussion in the second part of this essay.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Adrian IV. the Friend of Ireland*, p. 123.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

King James's Oath of Allegiance.

Divide et impera is a proverb as well understood and as sedulously practised by tyrants in religious matters, as by those who aim at despotic rule in civil government. Elizabeth's Ministers did not fail to act in accordance with it. For instance, after passing the Act of Supremacy, they endeavoured to split the opposition of the Catholics by assuring them that Elizabeth did not by her supremacy mean that she was really possessed of sacerdotal powers or jurisdiction, though by the wording of the oath she still claimed the supremacy of all spiritual jurisdiction. Deceived by this assurance many Catholics would have yielded under the terrible strain of persecution, and would have taken the oath, but for the firm position taken up by the missionaries. The persecutors ere long recognized that it would be a mistake to urge it, as there was no chance of compromise on this head.

Greater success eventually attended their efforts to divide the Catholics on their allegiance to the Pope. For a long time, however, the uniform devotion of our forefathers to the Holy See triumphed. The method of procedure in the time of Elizabeth was well known under the name of "the bloody question," and a full account of it will be found in Dom Bede Camm's *Lives of the English Martyrs*.¹ Here it will be sufficient to explain that *after* condemnation priests would be asked whether they would fight against the Pope. They were pretty sure to demur, and then the persecutors would tell the crowd that this man's life was not worth saving (which otherwise would be the clement Queen's desire), because he would not fight against her enemy the Pope, &c.

Under King James this infamous device was elaborated into the *oath of allegiance*. An Act was passed "for the better discovering and repressing of Popish recusants,"² in which

¹ Vol. ii. p. 34. See also *Acts of English Martyrs*, p. 112, and Index.

² Statutes, 3 James I. cap. 4 § xv. Printed in Tierney-Dodd, vol. iv. p. cxvii.

among other most cruel measures an oath was proposed containing words which (especially when aided by official explanations) might seem passable to the worldly-minded and ill-instructed, but would prove a stumbling-block to those who were more learned, zealous, and devoted to the Pope. The King had expressly declared his intention of trying to divide the latter class of Catholics from the former, and overwhelming them with severities, and, alas, his efforts were far more successful than they should have been.

His success was due to his introducing into the oath a clause renouncing the doctrine of the deposing power as "impious, heretical, and damnable."

As the said doctrine had certainly been held in mediæval times (not as an article of faith, but as a salutary measure of discipline) by numbers of saints, scholars, and theologians to be praiseworthy, this form of rejecting it would be sure to do violence to the conscience of good Catholics. On the other hand, the crafty King and his Ministers assured them that no offence to their religion was intended, and asked why, as the matter was not of faith, should not the English Catholics use their liberty and take the oath. Many succumbed to this temptation and pronounced before God the obnoxious words, in spite of the Church's teaching that one may never prevaricate in an oath, even if the person who imposes it declares that he accepts its unlawful terms not in their obvious sense, but in some tolerable interpretation.

Pope Paul V., however, was not wanting to his high office. He condemned the formula, declaring that it contained "many things adverse to the Faith," and repeatedly declared that he had done so "of certain knowledge and on his own initiative." The succeeding Pontiffs, during the eighty years which elapsed before this oath fell into disuse, all supported this decision.

This decisive condemnation eventually prevailed, but, alas, not immediately. Divisions broke out among the English Catholics, and many grievous losses ensued.

These dissensions arose chiefly because there existed among them two different schools of thought on the subject of the deposing power. There was the French school, which was apt to attribute too much power to the King, and the Roman school, which was too obsequious to the Pope. The French rejected the deposing power, and could see no reason why the State should not exact an oath for rejecting that power, though

they of course did not approve or even tolerate the injurious terms of King James's oath. The Romans, though not holding the deposing power to be of faith, were so influenced by the Pope's presence, by the religious air of his court, and the glory of his ancient ceremonials, that they could not bring themselves to see that the mediæval theocracy had passed away not to return. They did not adapt themselves to their times. Some thought that to deny the deposing power was dishonourable to the rights of the Pope. A few even held (at least at first) that *indirectly* the matter did affect the faith. They were all behindhand in finding out what to do.

The Roman Pontiffs were in practice more moderate than one might have expected them to be, if one judged merely by the statements of some theologians. This is proved by the promotion of Dr. William Bishop to be the first English Bishop after the fall of the ancient hierarchy. Dr. Bishop had been instrumental in drafting and presenting to Elizabeth the well-known protest or declaration of allegiance in 1603. A great many exceptions might be and were taken to the prudence of those who signed that document. But Dr. Bishop had refused the oath of allegiance, and even suffered imprisonment for his refusal, though he continued to defend his "protest." When it was necessary to name a Vicar Apostolic who might be acceptable to Queen Henrietta Maria, Dr. Bishop, who had lived for many years at Paris, was selected, though one of his chief duties would be to give an example to the Catholics in this much-debated question of the oath, and this he actually did to the satisfaction of all. After Dr. Bishop's death Dr. Smith was promoted in his place, though his feelings in regard to the "protest" were probably identical with those of Dr. Bishop. However stiff and unconciliatory some Roman decrees on the subject of the oath seem to have been, no proof of her large-mindedness in practice can be more clear than that given in her appointment of these two prelates.

It is of course impossible to describe here the long and hot controversy which raged for years round the oath, and which brought to notice many questions of great interest and importance. Suffice it to say that the exaction of King James's Oath lasted for some eighty years, when an oath against the Stuart succession was substituted. But the oath against the deposing power was imposed again in 1780, and this time without offensive clauses, when it was at once taken. No condemnation

from Rome followed this oath, which certainly raises the presumption that none would have followed a similar oath if such had been imposed at an earlier period.

But the controversy between what I have called the French and Roman schools of thought, far from having ceased, was constantly perceptible in the debates on Catholic Emancipation which occupied the next generation. The leader of the French school was Mr. Charles Butler, whose Gallicanism during the early period of his political career must always be regretted, much as we admire him for other good qualities. The chief exponents of the Roman school were Bishop Milner and the Irish Hierarchy. Butler, in accordance with his principles, proposed to give the civil government a voice in Catholic affairs, and even a certain right of veto on the election of Bishops. The Romans, true to their theories, firmly resisted this, and it is due to them that we now enjoy those liberties which are the envy of Catholic countries where Gallican opinions triumphed.

This is the more to be noted, as there exists no popular history of the achievements of the Roman party, whereas Mr. Butler's *Memoirs*, influenced though they evidently are by his mental position on the topic we have been discussing, have long been, and are still in vogue amongst us, and deservedly so in some respects, though they need correction on the subject of the oath of allegiance and its consequences.

J. H. P.

The Good Faith of Mr. Walter Walsh.

Some weeks ago the writer of this note received a letter from a priest in the colonies asking whether any light could be thrown upon a startling assertion which had recently been made in a local newspaper. The world was informed that Cardinal Newman had recommended Anglicans whose thoughts turned Romewards to stop where they were, at least for a time, because more good could be done in the Anglican Church by helping others forward than by openly declaring themselves Romanists. Beyond a general and indignant statement that such a policy on the part of the author of the *Apologia* would have contradicted the lesson of a whole lifetime, no reply could be offered to this preposterous charge. To prove a negative is proverbially impossible, and here the matter must have ended,

but that the mail a few days later brought the actual text of the indictment in the shape of a letter addressed by an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. H. J. Alcock, to the *Gleaner*, a newspaper of Kingston, Jamaica.¹ As the letter explains the circumstances of the allegation made, we may allow Mr. Alcock to speak for himself, only premising that the writer professes to derive his facts from a book entitled, *The Romeward Movement in the Church of England*, published by Nisbet. Mr. Alcock writes :

Now as to their [the Ritualists'] sincerity I have many quotations from the book already referred to, but will content myself with giving as an illustration, the origin of the Ritualistic society named "The Association for the Promotion of the union of Christendom," which was disclosed unintentionally a few years ago. It is briefly this. Forty-nine years ago several Anglican clergymen approached a well-known Roman Catholic gentleman, Mr. De Lisle, requesting him to forward a petition from them to the Propaganda at Rome. He wrote accordingly a long letter to Cardinal Barnabo, its Prefect, from which I quote as follows: "There is at this moment a large party in the established church of this realm (called the Anglican Church) which have conceived the idea of reuniting their national church with the holy Mother Catholic, &c. . . ." To this Cardinal Barnabo sent, as might be expected, a very cordial reply. Then De Lisle went to Cardinal Newman, who had been a dozen years a Romanist, "and laid the whole plan in strict secrecy before him, asking for his opinion and guidance." Presently Newman wrote: "I think it is for the interest of Catholicism that individuals should not join us, but should remain to leaven the mass. I mean that they will do more for us by remaining where they are than by coming over"—This means these clergy will help Romanism more, by continuing to receive the pay and standing of the Anglican Church while secretly trying to smash it. So much for Newman's ideas of being honest and straightforward. Of course he never thought this private letter would come before a Protestant public.

Mr. Alcock for some good reason did not give the name of the author of the book referred to, but on investigation it proved to be the work of Mr. Walter Walsh, a gentleman who is well known in certain controversial circles by his *Secret History of the Oxford Movement* and his *History of the Jesuits in Great Britain*. Mr. Walsh is the champion of candour and straightforwardness. The thing which pains him more than everything else both in Ritualism and in Jesuitry is what he considers to be their essential dishonesty. Mr. Walsh thinks it

¹ January 30th, 1906. a

a duty to set this dishonesty in the strongest possible light, and in narrating the reception of Cardinal Barnabo's letter just referred to he goes into considerable detail. These are his words :

With this encouraging letter in his possession De Lisle next approached Dr. Newman and laid the whole plan in strict secrecy before him, asking for his opinion and guidance. Newman replied : "I thank you very much for your most confidential letter and the very interesting information it contains. I am still somewhat uneasy, lest persons who *ought* to be Catholics should allow themselves to *bargain* and to *make terms*. Should not they have some presumption from the Holy See or in some formal way surrender themselves?" There is something mysterious as to what Newman meant when he asked thus : "Should not they have some presumption from the Holy See?" Three days before this he wrote to De Lisle : "I perfectly agree with you in thinking that the Movement of 1833 is not over in the country, whatever be the state of Oxford itself ; also I *think it is for the interest of Catholicism that individuals should not join us but should remain to leaven the mass. I mean that THEY WILL DO MORE FOR US BY REMAINING WHERE THEY ARE THAN BY COMING OVER,*¹ but then they have individual souls, and with what heart can I do anything to induce them to preach to others if they themselves become castaways." Thus encouraged with the approval of the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda and Dr Newman the conspirators held a meeting in London. . . .

There is only one way of meeting such a charge, and that is to quote the full text of Newman's letter. Here is the epistle as it stands in Purcell's *Life of Ambrose Phillipps De Lisle*.

6, Harcourt Street, Dublin,

July 1st, 1857.

My dear Mr. Phillipps,—I thank you very much for your new pamphlet, and should have acknowledged it before this, except that I wished to read it first. The subject is of all others the most interesting to an English Catholic, and you have treated it with that gentleness and affectionateness, which it not only requires, but which it gains from you on all occasions. I thank you especially for the very kind mention you make of me.

You know enough of my feelings on the whole subject to know that there are some things in it, in which I am afraid to follow you, but I earnestly pray that those consequences will in no respect appear in fact, which seem to me so legitimate and so likely. I mean, as you will anticipate, that the tendency of a portion of your pamphlet is, far indeed from your intention, to persuade individual Anglicans to wait out of communion with the Catholic Church, till they can come over

¹ The italics and capitals are copied exactly as they stand in Mr. Walsh's book *The Romeward Movement*, p. 355, Nisbet, 1900.

with others in a body. There is such an extreme difficulty in rousing the mind to the real *necessity* of leaving the position into which men have grown up, their profession perhaps, their neighbourhood, or their family, or their work, that they will easily avail themselves of any, the slightest excuse—and even a hint from a person so deeply respected as yourself, so beloved, yourself too a convert, is more than sufficient to turn the scale, when the mind is in suspense. And then suppose, if these very dear and precious souls, say Dr. Pusey, are taken away in this state, when grace has been offered them, and they have not followed it up.

I perfectly agree with you in thinking that the Movement of 1833 is not over in the country, whatever be the state of Oxford itself; also, I think it is for the *interest* of Catholicism that individuals should not join us, but should remain to leaven the mass,—I mean that they will do more for us by remaining where they are than by coming over, but then they have individual souls, and with what heart can I do anything to induce them to preach to others, if they themselves thereby become castaways?

You will see that I am alluding especially to the passage in pp. 31, 32, in which you say, the Church "calls her separated children individually, but," &c.—the effect of which passage I really think is to imply, that, since there is a prospect now of the nation, or the Church Establishment of England being reclaimed, therefore individuals, say Dr. Pusey, are not called upon by the Catholic Church to come over to her at once.

I should not be honest, or satisfy my own conscience, if I did not say as much as this, when you have seemed to ask my opinion, by being so good as to send me what you have written—but do not suppose me to be blind to the most happy effect, which a composition, written in so Christian a spirit, that is, with such tenderness and consideration for those whom it principally addresses, must have, in opening their minds to give them a patient hearing to the all-important subject to which they are invited.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Phillipps (with the full certainty you will pardon my frankness).

Most sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Of the Oratory.

Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq.

It must surely be needless to point out to the reader that the purport of Newman's letter is the exact contrary of that which is attributed to it by Mr. Walsh. Newman, clearly but delicately, so as not to seem to criticize his friend too harshly, finds fault with De Lisle's pamphlet precisely because its effect might be in some cases to lead Anglicans to think that they

could conscientiously stop where they were without joining the Roman communion at once. This he states was "far from his correspondent's intention," but might be the unforeseen result of his conciliatory tone. It would in any case be most regrettable, even though the *interest* of the Roman Church might ultimately be served by it. It will be noticed how scrupulously careful our honest witness is to quote Newman's words exactly. He even preserves Newman's underlining of the word *interest*, only Mr. Walsh underlines the neighbouring words as well, which happens to impart to the sentence when detached from its context a meaning exactly contrary to that intended by the original writer. It is a long time since we have come across so striking an illustration of the procedure of "those loyal Churchmen who [like Mr. Walsh] love honest, straightforward conduct, and hate all crooked ways and double dealing"—we are quoting from Mr. Walsh's Preface. It was well that we should understand exactly what that gentleman means when he says, *ibidem*: "I would not willingly misrepresent my opponents, my desire is only to tell the truth about them." The striking example of Christian charity thus set by Mr. Walsh is one which it is hard to estimate at its true value.

H. T.

Reviews.

I.—THE FOUNDATIONS OF RELIGION.¹

MR. JOHN BOYD KINNEAR'S *Foundations of Religion* were given originally as Sunday afternoon instructions in a rural parish, seemingly to an audience of educated persons. This determined their character, and their subject-matter is indicated by the chapter headings, God, Revelation, Creation, Man, Sin, Death, Christ, The Gospel, Sacrifice, and so on. They touch on questions connected with these subjects such as are of interest to thoughtful minds, but the prefatory paragraph warns the reader what kind of solutions he may expect. "The suggestions here offered . . . are only those of reverent thought, unshackled by the tradition of Creeds or theological refinements." In this spirit the author discards the doctrine of Original Sin—the Catholic form of which at all events he does not understand

¹ *The Foundations of Religion.* By John Boyd Kinnear. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1905.

—as one “which has grown up in the Churches (but) to which Christ's own teaching gives no sanction, and which cannot be accepted on the sole authority of St. Paul.” Similarly he rejects the doctrine of the Atonement. That notion is also, he assures us, one of which the origin is due to St. Paul only and so may be safely rejected. “St. Paul's view was his own idea, and was not taught by Christ Himself. . . . He never once uses the word atonement, or satisfaction, or any other word in such a sense.” Accordingly we are recommended to hold that in Christ's voluntary submission to death there was no thought of expiation but only of setting an example of constancy ; and that in the fact that the disciples partaking of (the bread and wine) were made conscious of His desire that they might be made one with Him “is to be seen the real Atonement in its literal and unperverted sense.”

Other similar instances might be cited in which this little book gives away doctrines of the Catholic Creed. Still its treatment is always reverent and well-intentioned, and is often more conservative than one could have expected—*e.g.*, he finds a close correspondence between the cosmogony of Genesis and the testimony of Physical Science. Throughout, however, the treatment is too thin to be of much value, and is far from exhibiting a firm grasp of the subject.

2.—THE KEY TO THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.¹

In this book Mr. Devas boldly attacks a problem of the first importance, and no less difficulty, and no one who studies his pages will deny that at least he furnishes his readers with abundant food for thought—clear thinking, no less than thorough grasp of his subject and copious erudition, being conspicuous on every page.

In order to arrive at any sound and satisfactory philosophy of human history, we must, says our author, first determine, theoretically, what it is that can give this history a meaning, what is the end towards which it is desirable that the future of our race should tend. For this purpose we must obviously begin by making sure that we understand in what sense we use our terms,—the meaning we attach to words such as “progress, civilization, and culture, that are in all men's mouths and block

¹ *The Key to the World's Progress*, being an Essay on Historical Logic. By Charles Stanton Devas, M.A. Oxon, sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. * London : Longmans, Green and Co., 1906.

the way with their obscurity." But any attempt to frame such definitions speedily reveals the impossibility of obtaining what we desire, so long at least as we confine ourselves within limits of which science can take account. As to progress, for instance, gain in one direction is inevitably accompanied by loss in another, as increase in industrial and commercial activity and prosperity not only brings with it the disfigurement of the land,—the buildings blackened, the sky dimly clouded with a curtain of smoke, rivers polluted, woodlands ruined,—but even makes material want more widespread and less endurable, "the rich and poor districts sharply divided, and an appalling aggregate of overcrowding and poverty."

If we keep to the material sphere only, we must indeed recognize to the full the wonderful increase of human power due to steam, electricity, mechanical invention, chemical discoveries, medical science during the last 150 years, and the marvellous increase in the numbers of the human race. But then, when all is said, the solid fact remains that those who enjoy a plenteous income are comparatively as few as before, and the mighty engines of advance seem to have laboured in vain.

Still more clearly does this appear if we do not confine ourselves to what is merely material and extend our consideration to that which makes for "culture," an important element as none will deny, in the elevation of humanity, and therefore in true "progress." Here we are plainly without any standard of comparison, "having no common measure for comparing Roman roads with the poems of Virgil, or for comparing a flourishing woollen manufacture with the pictures of Velasquez."

Such being the case, we must seek what we want beyond the scientific frontier, and take into consideration elements which cannot be included in a scientific definition,—as religion, morality, and general happiness,—the inclusion of which in any definition of "civilization," and therefore of "progress," would land us at once in hopeless paradoxes,—but which nevertheless alone furnish us with a true touchstone by which to estimate the condition of a people. For "the crown of our inquiry, on which true happiness and popular welfare depend" is "the moral and religious condition of the people, their views of life and death, the habitual relation of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, the supreme statistics of the proportion of homes within whose walls we can find a sanctuary of innocence and peace."

Hence we are led to argue that the solution of the problem of progress must be found in religion, and, amongst rival forms of belief, in Theism, and Christianity as its only logical and adequate expression. Without this, in the words of M. Brunetière,

History became a chaos, a disorderly succession of meaningless movements, an empty and tumultuous agitation, a fleeting delusion, the Maya of Indian philosophers, the dream we carry on without knowing when it was begun, nor whether we shall finish it, nor why we are dreaming it. But in the light of the supernatural everything grows clear; the life of our species is vested with a meaning, the history of mankind becomes organized; we develop ourselves in the indifference or hostility of nature, like an empire, under a law partaking of the divinity of its author:

—thus, “The hypothesis of Providence is the condition of intelligible history.”

So the conclusion is reached that Christianity—that is to say, Catholicism—is alone able to solve the mystery of human existence—by investing it with a significance the purport of which can give satisfaction to rational beings.

Such is the basis upon which Mr. Devas proceeds to argue that *de facto* the Church exhibits herself as “the explanation of all things, as Alpha and Omega, . . . not one religion among many, but the one religion for all places and all times; her view of life, not one view among many, but the one and only view, the judge of all to be judged by none.” His treatment of the matter, which occupies by far the major portion of the book, is “explanatory rather than controversial.” After a brief examination of the pretensions of other forms of religion, he chiefly devotes himself to the consideration of certain “antinomies,” or seeming contradictions, which confront us on the threshold, and seem to discredit the claims of Christianity:—namely, that the Church appears to be in opposition to both intellectual and material civilization, and yet to foster both: she represents a religion of sorrow, yet of gladness; teaches a morality austere, yet joyful; she appears to be the opponent, and yet the support, of the State, its rival and ally: she upholds the equality of men, yet the inequality of property and power: she is full of scandals, yet all holy; proclaims a law difficult yet easy; she upholds and yet opposes religious freedom and liberty of conscience; she is one, yet Christendom has ever been divided; she is ever the same, yet ever changing,—ever being defeated, yet ever victorious. *

How these antinomies are explained, we cannot attempt to indicate. Not only would it be impossible within any reasonable limits to sketch arguments so packed with thought and with matter, but it would be worse than useless to do anything but commend to our readers the study of Mr. Devas' own pages, where, as we began by saying, they will at the very least find not only much instruction and information, but abundant subject for thought.

One criticism only we have to make. Our author¹ sets down Darwin—whom he couples with Strauss—as a fresh enemy of Christianity whom these latter days have produced. But although it is doubtless true that many anti-Christian and anti-Theistic systems have sought to shelter themselves under the ægis of Darwinism, it cannot be said that Mr. Darwin's famous theory itself deserves to be so branded. In reality he did not attempt to touch—and even repudiated the notion of touching—those questions upon which he could possibly come into conflict with Theism,—for he professed his entire ignorance of the origin of anything,—not only of matter, of life, and sensation, but even, despite the title of his most celebrated work, of *species*, undertaking only to show how, by means of processes which we find actually in operation, one might be transformed to another. Accordingly, as his friend Sir Charles Lyell puts it: "I think the old 'creation' is almost [he might have said 'quite'] as much required as ever."

In view of the widespread confusion which prevails on this important point we cannot but regret that it should obtain apparent sanction from Catholic writers, and particularly from one who holds so distinguished a position amongst them.

3.—PORTRAITS OF BELIEVERS.²

We are learning to recognize that it is Catholicism as lived rather than Catholicism as reasoned out on paper which has the power both to win those without into its ranks and to strengthen its hold on its own children. It is indeed an error, and an error not free from danger, to suppose that the mind's work in studying objective evidences can be dispensed with. This is altogether indispensable, but none the less it is Catholicism as lived which must be set to do its work in the front rank, for it is that which most naturally and

¹ P. 270.

² *Portraits de Croyants au XIX. siècle.* Par Léon Lefébure, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Librairie Plon.

powerfully appeals to the well-disposed heart. Accordingly the lives of those who have been pattern Catholics in their various spheres assume an importance beyond what attaches to their mere biographical value, and it is from this point of view that M. Léon Lefébure's *Portraits de Croyants au XIX. siècle* deserves to be regarded. With the power of portraiture worthy of a Member of the Institute he has given a study of four such Catholic lives, those of Montalembert, Augustin Cochin, Francis Rio, and A. Guthlin.

There is something very pathetic about the career of Montalembert. That such a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, such a loyal and successful vindicator of Catholic liberties, such a fascinating historian of the monastic orders, should, as he approached the evening of his days, fall under the suspicion of unsound doctrine, was cruel indeed, yet only served to try his loyalty by a test to which it generously responded, nor, as it appears, were the misunderstandings concerning him shared by the highest authorities at Rome.

Augustin Cochin was less known outside France, but was one who in the days of the Empire combined in his person the true Christian, the upright and capable man of business, and the zealous advocate of all that tended to improve and advance the condition of the labouring classes.

No one, I believe [says M. Lefébure], had studied more attentively the question of the welfare of the working classes and schemes for its solution. He himself did not conceive it possible to resolve this question apart from the co-operation of four agents, the working-man himself, the employer, the State, and religion: and it was on these lines he wrought during the many years in which he was a Catholic leader in Paris—years too quickly terminated by the catastrophe which befell his country in 1870.

Of Francis Rio, M. Lefébure gives a charming study. Romantic indeed was the early career of the Breton insurgent against the restored Empire of the hundred days, who, nurtured amidst the rocks and islets of his native province, was led by his destiny into fellowship with De Lammenais, Montalembert, the Ferronays, Augustin Cochin, and the others of that remarkable little *coterie*, and became eventually the historian of *Christian Art*. The Abbé Guthlin, the last of the four, was an Alsatian priest, and was also a friend of Montalembert and Albert de la Ferronays. He wrote on philosophy in the true spirit of Christian zeal, but, as we gather from this study, on lines dictated more by poetical inspiration than by philosophical

insight. M. Guthlin afterwards became a close friend of Dupanloup's, and one of his Vicars General at Orleans. In this fourth instance, perhaps through lack of materials, M. Lefébure is not quite so successful in defining for us the personality of his subject.

4.—ASPECTS OF ANGLICANISM.¹

Readers of the *Tablet* during the concluding decade of the last century were familiar with a series of articles from the pen of Mgr. Moyes, which bore the general title of *Aspects of Anglicanism*. These, with some excisions, he has now collected and published in a volume under this same title. As the articles were occasioned by events and utterances which at the time were of topical interest, it might be thought that after all these years they were out of date. For a similar reason they are, it must be confessed, of a miscellaneous character which might be thought to militate against the propriety of incorporating them in a single work. The author explains, however, that his excuse in combining and republishing, is that thus combined they form a picture in which the true significance of Anglican Church principles can be studied in their practical bearing. It is a reasonable excuse, for most men are unable to judge of a principle till they see what it leads to when it begins to work; whilst few surely could fail to be impressed with the hopeless inconsistencies and absurdities into which excellent men can be led by their subjection to erroneous principles, would they but study as a whole such a collection of grotesque situations and apologies for the same as this little work sets before them. Into the details, as their character is already known to many, it is not necessary to enter here, but it may be said in general that they gather round two central ideas, the Anglican theory of continuity with the past and the Anglican idea of unity in the present. There is, no doubt, a vein of satire in the criticisms, but it is so gentle that it should irritate no one who has any sense of humour.

5.—THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.²

Father Thurston's *Stations of the Cross*, which has just appeared, contains matter the substance of which appeared originally during the autumn of 1900 as articles in this Review.

¹ *Aspects of Anglicanism, or Comments on Certain Events in the Nineties.* By Mgr. Moyes, D.D., Canon of Westminster Cathedral. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1906.

² *The Stations of the Cross.* An account of their History and Devotional Purpose. By Herbert Thurston, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1906.

With its character, therefore, our readers may be supposed to be already familiar, but we may say that it is not primarily an aid to devotion, though devotion will find its food in much that is in it, particularly in the quaint but edifying illustrations of the devotion of Catholics of former ages—of Catholics such as Fabri or Blessed Henry Suso, or the nun of Lorvão. The author's direct purpose has been to trace historically the stages through which the Devotion of the Stations passed on the way to its modern form. It would seem that, although some of the principal holy places were satisfactorily identified and venerated in times antecedent to the Mohammedan invasion, and although a large number of those of secondary importance were conjecturally assigned in the early middle ages, the idea of definitely following the Way of the Cross did not suggest itself either to the pilgrims or to the custodians of the Holy Places till after the eleventh century. This, of course, means that such assignments of the number of our Lord's Falls, or of the exact spots where these or such other events as the Meeting with His Mother or with the Holy Women, can rest on no authority of tradition, but at best on pious conjectures aided by an uncritical study of the topography. The curious thing is, however, that the exact assignment of stations now everywhere in use owes its origin not to the conjectures of Franciscans or others familiar with the Holy City of Jerusalem, but to the more symmetrical but wholly imaginary arrangement of a sixteenth-century Western monk who had never quitted his own land. That this system was traceable back to the *Jerusalem sicut Christi tempore floruit* of Adrichomius, published in 1584, was shown by Bishop von Keppler in his *Die XIV. Stationen des hl. Kreuzwegs*, but Father Thurston has been able to trace it back a step farther, to one Jan Pascha, a Belgian Carmelite friar who died in 1532, but whose *Spiritual Pilgrimage* was first published in 1563.

Father Thurston discusses this and kindred points with his usual thoroughness; expanding considerably the text of his previous articles, and giving the fruits of several finds made since that time; he has also enriched this edition with a collection of interesting illustrations, mostly reproductions of ancient wood-carvings and wood-cuts. Altogether this little book, we feel sure, will be welcomed as a useful contribution to the intelligent study of the history of our devotions. Nor, in this instance, at all events, need anyone be distressed should he learn, for the first time, that all the fourteen Stations of our

present usage are not to be taken as historically authenticated facts, but some of them as merely the fruits of a pious and profitable conjecture, which adds details to the Gospel narrative so as to form a concrete picture—much as those do who, meditating according to the method of St. Ignatius, form for themselves Compositions of Place.

6.—FATHER BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.¹

It would have been a misfortune if the memory of Father Bridgett had been allowed to fade away for the want of some such memorial as Father Cyril Ryder has given us in this little book. To all of us he was known and valued for his writings, of which we may surely say, in view of the diligence of his research, the light he could cast on obscure subjects, and the interest he could kindle in any subject he took in hand, that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*. To the many whose privilege it was to have him as a personal friend, he was valued still more highly for the affectionate interest he took in them, the wise and prudent counsels he could give them, and the undiluted, whole-hearted spirituality which his example more even than his words inspired. This little memoir enables a wider circle to realize what manner of man he was in this latter respect; and makes known, too, some interesting particulars about the method of his literary labours. And may we not also say that in a very real sense the record of his interior life completes the demonstration to achieve which was the constant object of his writings? He wrote to vindicate the character of the Church, especially of her priesthood, as against the false notions which centuries of misrepresentation and misconception had inculcated, but what more effectual vindication could be found of the fair fame of the Church and her priesthood than in the record of lives like his?

One would like to quote something from this memoir which might illustrate his heroic patience under suffering, the feature in him which, more than all else—and that is saying a great deal—impresses us in Father Bridgett's character. But as we may hope that this little volume may have many readers, we may be content to give his Provincial's judgment, expressed on the very day of his death:

I never saw any of our dear *confrères* die a more beautiful death. I think it is the most beautiful death I have ever seen. At any rate, it

¹ *The Life of Thomas Edward Bridgett, C.S.S.R., with Characteristics from his Writings.* By Cyril Ryder, Priest of the same Congregation. With Preface by the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates, 1906.

is more like the death I would choose than any other I have assisted at, because there is more of the spirit of penance and less exultation. Father Bridgett is *full* of sorrow for all his failings towards God, yet full of child-like confidence in his Father's mercy and love. His devotion to our Lady and St. Alphonsus is magnificent.

7.—CATHOLICISM IN OXFORDSHIRE SINCE ELIZABETH.¹

It is hard to give in brief an intelligible account of the good qualities of this collection of materials for a history of Catholicism in Oxfordshire. Of course it was morally impossible to put together a connected history of people who lived in such complete seclusion as the Catholics of old days had to do. Yet these miscellaneous records draw the reader on from one to another with a curious charm. There are few pages without incidents of interest. Now a happy description of a chapel in a garret, now the desperate efforts of some Papist cavalier to save some at least of his family estates, then the trials of one priest during the persecution, then the efforts of another to found a chapel as times began to grow better. Here is an account of the Shrewsbury case, here a history of the Oxford Mission in the last generation, and here that of the chapel at Stonor Park in the reign of Elizabeth.

Thus the reader will find plenty of miscellaneous entertainment and unexpected information as he peruses the scattered records here gathered together with so much diligence, and he will not be able to lay the book down without feeling an increased respect for the quietly-heroical perseverance of these old families, gentle and plebeian, who preserved the spark of faith alight through so many generations at the cost of such sacrifices. Mrs. Stapleton's unassuming volume is a contribution of value towards a history of religion in this country.

8.—SCOTLAND AND THE UNION.²

All who have read Mr. Mathieson's *Politics and Religion in Scotland*, will welcome this volume, which may be considered a continuation of the former work. The impartiality and thoroughness which we noticed in that book, are again conspicuous here. The more violent phases of the Reformation unsettlement have now passed, and the period here described

¹ *Oxfordshire Post-Reformation Catholic Missions from 1603*. By the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Stapleton. 372 pp. Frowde, 1906.

² *Scotland and the Union, 1605—1747*. By William Law Mathieson. Glasgow : Maclehose, 1906.

is one in which there was steady progress towards real peace, peace, that is, not only for the faction in power, but also for political and religious dissentients. The result is one which all will regard with satisfaction, yet some of us with a chastened satisfaction only. Even at the close of the period we are met with the gruesome vision of peace as preached by the Butcher of Culloden. Many, indeed, and gross were the tares that grew up with the wheat, but true philosophy as well as true religion warns us to "let both grow together till the harvest."

We cannot, of course, agree with the picture of the old Church, which is given as the *terminus a quo* of the whole story; indeed, throughout, the writer's sympathies run in a direction different from our own. But he mixes no gall with his ink. We can read his accounts of the defeats of those with whom we side, not only with patience, but we can generally acknowledge without difficulty the faults on the losing side which he points out. Impartiality such as this is rare everywhere, and especially (southrons at least will say), north of Tweed. Though constitutional questions such as those with which Mr. Mathieson is chiefly concerned rarely lend themselves to brilliant writing, no one can fail to find this volume extremely readable. Many episodes in it, *e.g.*, the Darien Scheme, the Scottish East India Company, the execution of Aikenhead for blasphemy in 1697, and the accounts of the Risings of 1715 and 1745, are of the highest interest.

Literary Record.

The Christian Family (Joseph F. Wagner, New York, 75 cents) consists of seven Conferences adapted from the French of Mgr. d'Hulst, by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. We live in evil days when divorce is rampant, when men coolly advocate the recognition of temporary *liaisons*, and when a diminishing birth-rate among many leading nations fills economists with grave forebodings. Very much to the point therefore are these discourses, treating in measured language of the sanctity and perpetuity of the bond of marriage and the obligations entailed between husband and wife—mutually and as regards their offspring.

The Psalter of the Church (Cambridge University Press) by the Rev. F. W. Mozley, is a concise commentary on the LXX. text of the Psalms. The writer's object is not to explain

the sacred author's meanings, but to assist the understanding of the Septuagint text by comparing its renderings with the Hebrew, and examining what Hebrew words or idioms correspond to those employed by the Greek translators. When useful, however, the variant readings of the LXX. and the variant renderings of other translations like Aquila's are briefly discussed. The book is by a competent writer, but is obviously for the use of scholars only. For these, however, it will supply a want; and the fact that our own Vulgate version is from the LXX. will give it a special value for the Catholic clergy.

Los Peligros de la Fe en los actuales tiempos (Gustavo Gili, Barcelona), is by Padre R. R. Amado, S.J. The language will prevent it from being of much service in this country. Otherwise it may be recommended as a clear and comprehensive exposition of a number of points which educated lay-Catholics should endeavour to understand in these days when Catholic doctrines and practices are so systematically challenged in the press, the club-room, and the workshop. Thus it contains chapters on the nature of Faith and its relation to Science, on Laicism in education, on Church property, on anti-clericalism, on progress.

A short account of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Thomas Innes ("Glasgow Observer" Office), is by Mr. James Brand. Father Thomas Innes was Rector of the Scots College at Paris in the first half of the eighteenth century. He was a diligent student of all that concerned Scottish history, and was specially interested in the origin of Glasgow University.

From Messrs. Gill and Son, Dublin, we receive a handy edition of the *Roman Missal* (4s. 6d. in roan), containing supplements for England, Scotland, Ireland, America, Australia, and other English-speaking countries.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (March 3 and 17.)

The Allocution of February 21st, 1906. Peter's Pence. Dante's Conception of Purgatory. Our Four Gospels. New Men and Old Errors. Archæological Notes on the Mass. The Japanese Character according to the early Missionaries. Religion and Juvenile Depravity. "By the flowery Paths of the Arts." Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1906, II.)

The Riot of Demetrius the Silversmith. *A. Bludau*. Laurence Truchses of Pommersfelden. *J. B. Kissling*. Chronology of the Kings of Juda and Israel. *B. Trutz*. Reviews, &c.

RAZON Y FE. (April.)

The Historical Character of the Hexateuch. *J. de Abadal*. The Law and the Anarchist Propaganda. *V. Minteguiaga*. Labour Organizations in the United States. *N. Noguér*. Father Urráburu's Psychology. *A. Nadal*. The International Congress of the Catalan Language. *J. Casanovas*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (March 5 and 20.)

Pius X.'s Encyclical *Veementer*. Over a Tomb. *Adhémar d'Alès*. Freemasonry and Social Questions. *V. Loiselet*. The Sacred Debt of the State to the Church. *A. de Salinis*. Atom and Mystery. *J. Ferchat*. A New Era for the French Episcopate. *P. Aucler*. The Conception of the Logos at the beginning of the Christian Era. *J. Lebreton*. Versailles (1870—1880). *Jean Noury*. Catalan Language and Literature. *J. Boubée*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (March 14.)

The Fourth Centenary of the Birth of the Apostle of the Indies. *J. Dahlmann*. Nietzsche's Zarathustra. *J. Sørensen*. The Question of Inspiration. *C. Pesch*. The Glory of Germany in the Dark Ages. *S. Beissel*. Fogazzaro's point of view in Religion and Literature. *A. Baumgartner*. Reviews, &c.

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA (February.)

M. Widor and the Gregorian Chant. *V. D.* The Measure of Time in Gregorian Chant. *R. Baralli*. Reviews and Bibliography.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (March 15.)

Christianity in Russia. *L. Baurain*. The Notion of Sacrifice in Theology. *A. Alvéry*. Christianity at Pompeii. *S. Charrier*. The Miracle of St. Januarius. *P. M.* The Religious Movement in England. *Sélor*.

REVUE PRATIQUE D'APOLOGÉTIQUE. (March 15.)

The Propagation of Christianity in the three first Centuries. *J. Riviere*. The so-called annexation of Kant. *J. Cartier*. The fact of Catholicism—a question of method. *H. Ligeard*. Reviews, &c.

